Companion Book
horny hot schoolgirl
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by Victoria Parker

SHOUT
SHARE
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Victoria Parker

Horny hot schoolgirl

CHAPTER ONE

Kristi Valentine walked along the second floor of Hastings High School. She was attired in her school uniform: pink sweater, short gray, pleated skirt, navy blue knee socks, and blue and white saddle shoes.

Kristi had just started her third year at Hastings. She was a beautiful, young girl with long blonde hair. She wore it swept over from one side to the other, and tied it with a rubber band so that it bobbed up like a fishhook and splashed down in a lovely ponytail off the side of her head.

She had an angelic, circular face with full cheeks and gorgeous lips, thick and pouting. Her sky-blue eyes were set deep and sparkled with an intense intimacy. Her cheeks were touched lightly with an orange blush and her juicy lips had been recently painted with a bright pink lip-gloss.

Kristi's sweater jiggled with each sexy step she took. Her tits had become mature, ripe, and they were full-blown against the thin, pink material of the sweater.

Her legs were as smooth as freshly waxed marble. They were perfectly tapered from lush but lithe hips that flared to her flat tummy. She was a five-feet, one-inch package of stunning loveliness.

The little skin she wore pulled in tightly around her classic ass, which looked as though it had been sculptured by Michelangelo.

Kristi walked past the classrooms on the second floor. One floor up were the teachers' offices, downstairs were a few more classrooms, recreation area, a cafeteria, the locker rooms and a lab. The school gym adjoined the main school building at the side and could be entered on the first floor.

Kristi was headed for Mr. Harper's office to speak with him about his religion and philosophy class. He'd asked her to stop by and discuss a problem she was having with his last lecture.

She bounced up the stairs to the third floor and knocked on his door.

Mr. Harper was a handsome, muscular six feet, one-inch man in his late thirties. He had sandy hair and a square-cut face, the skin pulling tightly across his jutting chin.

"Come in," he called.

Kristi opened the door and found him sitting at his desk in his small, book-lined office. Kristi stood in the open doorway.

"Close the door and sit down, Kristi," Mr. Harper said.

She did so and took a chair at the end of his desk.

"Now just what is the problem, Kristi?"

Kristi always made straight A's, and if she didn't understand something fully, she pursued it until she did. She crossed her legs and turned to look at her teacher. The ponytail slapped at the side of her face.

"I've been having difficulty understanding the area of sin and temptation, sir, and since I know you'll test us on it in the exam, I want to go over it with you."

"Fine," he said. "There are many ways to look at both subjects, my dear. The great philosopher T.T. Trott taught that there was no such thing as sin, that it was just a silly religious superstition. He also said there was only one way to deal with temptation."

Kristi had her notebook open and was writing furiously.

"And what was that?" she asked.

"He said the only way to deal with temptation was to yield to it."

"What did he mean by that, sir?"

"The great philosopher Descartes said, I think, therefore I am, and thus proved our existence. Certainly, if we exist then we're going to be tempted."

"And we should just…"

"Yes. Just yield to it," Mr. Harper said. He paused, looking greedily at the darling schoolgirl. "For instance, let me illustrate… let's say I was tempted to ask you to sit up here on top of my desk. Then I would simply ask you to sit up here."

"Why, sir?"

"Well, this is strictly hypothetical, of course, but go ahead, sit up there."

"Well, if you say so, sir."

Kristi laid her notebook on the desk, got up and walked between Mr. Harper in his chair and the desk. She faced him, leaned back and gripped the desk with the palms of her hands and lifted herself up to a sitting position.

"Yes, now see, that temptation has been eliminated."

"I think so."

"And let's say I was tempted to run my hand over your absolutely beautiful legs, then I would simply do it."

His hand gently caressed Kristi's dimpled knee just above the blue socks. First he touched once then the other. He ran his fingers calms smooth, beautiful skin.

Kristi was gripped by tingles of euphoria. An emotional sensation she had never felt before swept through her as the teacher's fingers danced up under her skirt and played along the insides of her fabulous young thighs.

"And if I were tempted to pull your skirt up, like this, I'd just do it," Mr. Harper said. His hands peeled Kristi's short skirt up over a

thin, tight pair of pink panties that were packed at her pussy with a generous carpet of fuzzy blonde hair. "Then, the temptation would be removed, do you understand?"

Kristi was confused. The teacher's teasing hands tickled her thighs.

Understand? One thing she did understand was the bulge in her teacher's light-brown slacks. His cock had leaped to a giant erection, and it was thumping and pulsating wildly against his trousers. A sweet gasp escaped from Kristi's mouth. Her eyes were glued, to the vulgar thumping in his pants.

Mr. Harper leaned over and kissed along her thighs. Light, wet kisses. He rained hundreds of them over the beautiful schoolgirl's fine legs, his mouth open, his tongue licking at the smooth skin, up to the crotch of her panties where he lapped lewdly at her soft, muffy cunt. He licked it slowly.

The feel of her teacher's hot, wet tongue on her panties, against her virgin pussy, made Kristi shudder in a paroxysm of sheer, fluttering delight. She had never felt anything this exciting, this infinitely delicious. Ripples of rapture jiggled through her.

Her legs were set apart as they hung off the desk. Mr. Harper pulled his chair in, lifted her legs over his shoulders and wiggled his juicy tongue over her panties.

Kristi leaned back on her elbows. She had a strange, sinking feeling in her stomach. She felt light-headed, totally helpless. She didn't know the study of philosophy could be like this. She was frightened of what was happening, but deliriously thrilled by it, also.

"Then, if I were tempted to pull your panties down, I would," Mr. Harper gulped.

He thumbed her pretty pink panties and yanked them down over the rich, thick thatch of blonde curls between Kristi's legs. He eyed her beautiful clit as he slipped the panties down her legs, pulled them over her shoes, and threw them to the floor.

"But, Mr. Harper," Kristi said. "You shouldn't take my panties off."

"I was tempted to, Kristi. Now I have eliminated that temptation. I hope you understand."

"I don't think you should do this, Mr. Harper," Kristi said.

"But we're studying temptation, Kristi. You want to learn, don't you? You want to do well in class, right?"

"Yes, but…"

"What if I were tempted to suck your pussy, Kristi?" he blurted.

"Mr. Harper!" Kristi exclaimed indignantly.

"What would I do?"

"Would you suck it?"

"I would if I wanted to rid myself of the temptation."

He was on her pussy. He mashed his face to Kristi's sweet cunt. His gooey tongue slicked up and down her clit. He licked at it greedily. He slipped his hands under her heavenly ass, clutched her chubby ass cheeks, lifted them up off the desk and held them tightly as he feasted furiously on her blonde cunt.

"Oh, it's… ah, uh, huh… oh, it's wrong, Mr. Harper. It's wrong!" Kristi babbled.

She had fallen into a deep swoon of ecstatic pleasure. Never before had she felt so good. Never before had she experienced anything resembling the shivers of delight that were shooting through her like rumbling thunder.

She watched her teacher gulp and chew at her pussy. He was a wild animal. He chewed… he licked… he kissed.

"Oh, ooh," Kristi sighed, her breath shooting out of her mouth like hot steam. "Mr. Harper!"

Then it happened. She came. It was as if she'd been struck by a bolt of lightning. She couldn't help herself. She couldn't stop, it. Her orgasm owned her. She went stiff as a board.

Mr. Harper munched her cunt as though he were eating a juicy piece of cake. Kristi's pussy juice was dripping on his chin. He licked at her soft pussy, pulled her cunt between his lips and chewed it, then found her clit and twiddled it wildly with his tongue.

"Oh, wow!" Kristi yelped.

She came in a beautiful, shaking, racking exhilaration. Her body trembled. Her pussy shocked buzzes of electricity through her.

"This… oh, this feels good!" she panted hotly.

She couldn't explain how good her orgasm really felt. It was unlike anything she'd known before. She loved it. She ground her young hips and pushed her pussy at her teacher's swabbing tongue. She crested high on her climax and fell weak, moaning, whimpering on the desk as she writhed through the last jolt of ecstasy.

"Mmmmm," she breathed hotly, a long sigh of relief, a loving gasp of pleasure.

Mr. Harper was an expert cunt-licker and he twitted her clit for one last shimmer of bliss. Kristi shivered and shook wildly. She lay back on the desk. Her big tits heaved up and down in the pink sweater as she tried to catch her breath.

Mr. Harper stood up from his chair. Kristi reclined before him: a darling, beautiful young plaything. Her pussy was soaked with saliva and her own spritzing pussy juice. Mr. Harper drilled his finger into her, slushy cunt. He screwed his finger in slowly, rocked it back mid forth.

Kristi, of course, had finger-fucked before, and she liked doing it, but she had never had anyone else's finger in her cunt. This was a new

intrigue.

She eyed the spike in her teacher's trousers. Cum had seeped through the material to form a dark, spreading stain on his crotch.

"Perhaps you now know more about temptation and how to deal with it, Kristi," he whispered.

She nodded.

"I see you've noticed my erection. Would you be tempted to see it?"

"I don't know, sir. This is…" She gasped short as he drew the zipper of his fly, reached in and pulled out his prick.

Kristi's mouth fell open. Her forehead wrinkled. Her eyes narrowed. Mr. Harper's cock branched out of his fly, heaving, throbbing, spitting drips of cum from the bright red tip.

He slipped his finger out of her pussy and unbuckled his belt. His pants fell to the floor. Then he slid his shorts down, and his cock wobbled before her like a shining baton. His prick was so long, so hard, so thick.

Kristi didn't know how a cock could be so big like that. His prick must be nearly a foot long, she thought.

"It's ten inches, Kristi. Do you like it?"

"Mr. Harper, I don't think you should have it out like that," Kristi mumbled.

"Ah, but you're tempted by it, are you not, my dear?"

Kristi couldn't take her eyes off his beautiful erection. His cock lifted in a thrilling jut, stood so strong and handsome. She struggled up off the table and sat on the edge. Mr. Harper took her tiny hand and placed it on his hot, thumping prick.

Kristi drew her fingers along his slick cock, and the palm of her hand rubbed over his squirting cock head. She brought her other hand down and gripped his prick with both hands, held it there between her hands as she watched big white gobs of cream form on his bell-shaped cock head.

She took one hand and trailed a finger over the tip, slicking off the goops of cream. They clung to her finger, then dripped to the floor. "Oh, Mr. Harper. It's all wet."

"Of course it is, my dear. It's wet for you. It's squirting cum for you, Kristi."

"Wow!" the young girl exclaimed.

"Squeeze on it for me," he said.

Kristi pressed her fingers around big prick, gripped it good, and squeezed. A slosh of again spilled from his cock head. His cock felt so hot in her hand. She could feel it beating, pulsating in her love-clutch.

Mr. Harper lifted her chin tenderly and kissed her flush on the mouth. It was a sweet, French kiss that sent a sweet sensation tingling

through the schoolgirl.

"Oh, sir!" she gulped as she pulled away from his kiss, fighting to catch her raging breath.

Mr. Harper lifted her sweater up over her bulging pink bra. He reached inside and cupped her young tits and pulled them up over the top of the bra so they sat there like oysters on the half-shell. He managed to bend over and suck her tits into his mouth. He nipped the nipples which were hard and erect.

Kristi had a beautiful set of teenaged tits. They were round, pointed, ripe and ready for his greedy, lewd sucking. She pulled up and down on his cock as though she were hammering a nail with it. She was lost in the rapture of all that was happening to her in the teacher's office.

"I want you to suck my prick, Kristi," he panted.

"I don't know how, sir," Kristi gulped.

"Bend over and kiss it, dear."

Kristi bent over from the desk, ducked down on his pulsing cock, her sweet, pink lips puckered on his seeping cock head.

"Oh, yes, my dear, oh, yes, yes, yes," the man mumbled incoherently.

Kristi kissed his cock, then licked the sweet cum off the top, big gobs of win that kept spurting from his cock head. She licked at his cum eagerly, her tongue instinctively doing things that Mr. Harper had only dreamed of in his wildest imagination.

"Take it in your mouth," he panted.

Kristi ducked deeper on his prick and his cock head slipped into her mouth like a big jawbreaker. She sealed her pretty lips around his prick.

"Now suck it, dear."

Kristi sucked his cock like she would a popsicle.

That's all she knew how to do, and it pleased her teacher so much, excited him to see the beautiful young girl down on his prick like that. He thought he might faint with exhilaration.

Kristi's mouth slipped up and down on his cock. Her ponytail jiggled back and forth at the side of her head, slapped at her cheek. Mr. Harper grabbed it and caressed it as she sucked him.

"Goddamn, darling!" he blurted. "Oh, good God!"

Kristi sat on the desk, bent over at the waist as she gobbled her teacher's cock. It was a beautiful sight if it could have been recorded on film. Her pretty blonde head bobbed in and out. Mr. Harper let her ponytail go and it swished back and forth with the sucking in-and-out motion of her lips.

She finally pulled back. She was gasping for air. But she continued to hold his prick, held it tightly, watched as his cock kept

spilling big chunks of cream from its head.

"Oh, Mr. Harper. I've never done anything like this," she said.

He noticed a hesitation… as though she might quit, run from his office, so he skewered a finger into her juicy pussy and fucked her with it.

"Oh, oh, oh," she gasped. "Oh, don't, sir!" But they were empty protests. Desire raced through her for his big prick, for the excitement of this new experience. Mr. Harper's finger made her feel good. His dripping cock was so beautiful.

"Jack me off," he commanded.

"Sir?"

"I said, jack me off."

"Like this, sir?"

"You move one hand in and put on my cock."

"Like this?" Kristi asked as her hand pumped slowly on his billowing prick.

"Yes, my darling, just like that. Go slow at first, then faster and faster."

Kristi's hand pumped on his thumping cock. She did as she was instructed, picking up speed. Her teacher fucked her with his finger, and Kristi masturbated his giant prick, Kristi leaning over from the desk, sitting there so prettily. She slugged her hand faster on his stiff cock, sliding it in and out from base to tip. Her hand floated easily over his gooey prick.

Faster and faster she pumped. It fascinated her to watch herself jack on his cock.

"It's getting so hard and big, sir," she whispered.

"Oh, yeah!" her teacher sighed.

Kristi's hand whacked harder and faster. Her eyes were riveted to the sticky action. She saw the creamy foam form on the rims of her thumb and forefinger. The head of his cock was bulging, glistening and bubbling. Her hand danced faster. She bent over closer to the spectacle.

Mr. Harper screwed her furiously with his finger. She was seized by a liquid ripple that made her shudder. Just then the huge cock gushed.

A raging torrent of cum squirted out of his cock head.

"Ah!" Kristi yelped. "Oh, my God!"

She pumped wildly on his prick. His cock thumped and expanded in her grip. His cocktip was huge as it exploded. The cream shot out straight at her. It sprayed her belly, her hips. A big gob of white goo splattered on her blonde cunt hair and clung there like a big scab.

She continued her wild jacking. Mr. Harper was gasping fast and hard as he came. His finger worked magic in her virgin pussy and

Kristi came with him. The electric jolt of bliss pulled her over at the waist.

"Oh, oh!" she cried.

Mr. Harper grabbed her ponytail and pulled her head down so her lips mashed against the spurting tip of his prick. She pumped at it while his cock head squished on her pink lips, shooting balls of thick cream at her chin, her cheeks, her upper lip. A long string of cum clung to her nose like a hunk of snot.

Kristi floated into a peaceful oblivion. Her body was shaking with climax as Mr. Harper's cock splashed thick cream at her lips.

Mr. Harper pulled her hand off his prick, grabbed it himself and jacked it furiously against her face, at her cheek, her lips, her forehead. He slapped his cock at her throat, then he buried it in the cleavage of her teenaged tits and fucked at them wildly. His cock erupted like a volcano. It left a puddle of goop between her tits.

Finally, he fell back in his chair. He pulled his finger out of Kristi's cunt. She was choking and panting, still shuddering and quivering from her fabulous climax. Her flawlessly beautiful face was covered with cunt.

Mr. Harper reached into his back pocket and produced a hanky. He leaned over and wiped tenderly at the chipping cream. Then he kissed her gently. A cum kiss. Their lips sticky and slick met in a hot flush.

"Oh, sir!" Kristi finally gasped.

She was weak, spent, but suddenly, before she could stop the madman, he was snacking on her precious pussy again.

"Don't, sir. Oh, please, don't sir. Oh, oh… ahhhhh!"

His tongue lapped at her soft blonde cunt. He slicked his tongue up and down her sweet clit.

"That feels so good, Mr. Harper!" she yelped.

Kristi didn't know this business of sex and love could be so utterly divine. She leaned back on the desk again, propped there on her elbows.

She watched intently as her teacher licked her pussy. His head moved from side to side, up and down. He sucked her cunt into his mouth and chewed it gently.

"Ooooof!" Kristi gulped. "Sir, that's so wild."

"Mmmmmm," he mumbled.

"It's totally awesome," she whimpered.

Then he was off her pussy, leaving her writhing on top of the desk like a limp squid.

He stood up. His cock was hard as rock again. He pushed his prick against her lovely thighs, rubbed his big cock head along the smooth skin.

"Now I'm tempted to fuck you, Kristi," he said.

"Oh no, sir. I don't think you should do that."

But she was spread so lewdly before him, her gray schoolgirl skirt all bunched up around her waist, her tits popping up over the top of her bra, her legs spread for him. He wasn't about to stop now, not now, not at the fulcrum of this philosophical exercise.

He jammed his cockhead at her lush full pussy.

"Oh, you shouldn't put it there," Kristi purred.

But he did. He put it there and the head of his cock knocked on her door and slipped easily in her sopping pussy.

"I'm tempted to fuck you, Kristi," the teacher said. "What should I do to neutralize this temptation?"

"You should fuck me, sir, but I've never bees I mean…"

"But you've been tempted to fuck, haven't you?"

He jammed his cock deeper in the poor girl's pussy. He lodged his prick in a full four inches.

"Ooooof!" Kristi gulped.

"Haven't you?"

"Yes, I've been tempted."

"Then we should fuck, darling."

The teacher lodged his cock in another two inches, slowly pulled it out and pushed it back in, giving Kristi six full inches of his fat cock, fucking her with it as she lay helplessly on his desk.

He slugged his cock deeper. His prick pushed open Kristi's cunt and slid in. He had his cock in up to eight inches now.

"It's in there now," he said, and then he began a slow stroke. He fucked the young girl gently, letting her feel the width and the depth of his big prick.

Kristi had never been plugged by a prick, and she liked it in there. She loved the way his cock slid in and out. She tucked her chin down against her neck and watched the slow push and pull of his huge cock fuck her.

His ass pumped like a jackhammer. His balls swung loose and free between his legs. Kristi watched the slick and click of his prick as it pumped in and out of her cunt. She instinctively rolled her lithe hips off the desk, pushed her pussy up at Mr. Harper's plunging prick.

"Yeah, fuck back at me, Kristi!" her teacher whispered.

"I've never done anything like this before, sir!" she cried.

"You like it though, don't you?"

"Oh, yes, I do! Yes, I do!" she wailed, wiggling her beautiful ass at her teacher.

"You sweet darling," he sighed.

Then he began a hot, wild stroke, faster and faster he whacked his big cock into her teenaged pussy. His prick squished and squashed her

cunt.

Kristi was trembling in a divine shudder. A blissful ecstasy zipped through her. She loved his hot, throbbing cock in her. She liked the look on her teacher's face. Their eyes met. His face was impassioned with pleasure.

Kristi bounced up and down against his fucking prick. Her ponytail slapped the desk with a light thud. Her teacher's cock slugged deeper until he was in her cunt up to his balls.

He fucked her good. His balls smacked her sweet ass with a beautiful slapping sound.

Kristi was his. She loved fucking. She wished now that she had done it when all the boys tried to make out with her. She liked fucking so much that she wanted to scream and, in fact, couldn't control herself when she yelled: "Fuck me, sir. Fuck my pussy!"

"Oh, Goddamn, Kristi," he panted.

"Oh, Goddamn, sir!" Kristi shouted. "Not too loud, dear. We don't want anyone to walk in and spoil this fuck, do we."

"Fuck my pussy," Kristi whispered. He jammed it to her, thumped her pussy with his big prick until she felt the expansion of his round cock, so fat and thick. She felt his trick pound inside her, and then shake uncontrollably as his cock, rained out a hot load of cum.

The cream splashed into her cunt as Kristi came.

"You sweet darling!" the teacher gasped. "Oh, sir!" Kristi blurted. "Sir, sir, sir!" He fucked his load into her cunt. There was a sweet, wet clicking sound. Kristi's ass bounced up and down on her teacher's desk. Her pussy filled with the thick cream. His cum spilled out, down along her thighs.

She quaked to the apex of her climax. It pulled her up from the waist off the desk. She fell back when she'd crested. She lay there gasping, panting for breath.

But Mr. Harper, his cock still fizzing, didn't stop. Kristi felt his erection soften inside her cunt, but then it boiled and began a slow, fighting rise. His prick hardened. His cock got big, and suddenly her teacher was fucking her again.

He kissed pretty Kristi and pulled her to a sitting position on the desk. He took her arms and put them around his shoulders.

"Hook your fingers around my neck."

Kristi did as he told. Then he slid his hands under her dream ass and lifted her off the desk and sat down in his chair with Kristi straddling him, his cock plugged deep in her young cunt.

Her legs draped over his. He clutched her big tits, fondled them as Kristi rocked up and down on him.

"Now, you fuck me, Kristi," he whispered. "Yes, sir," she said, bouncing up and down on his enormous cock. "Yes, I'll fuck you."

She was bucking up and down on his cock when he came again. It was so quick. She didn't expect him to throw another load into her like that. She felt the hot juice squirt into her already-soaked pussy. It felt so good that it made her shudder. She fucked wildly now, trying to get her own climax. She rocked up and down, bounced up and down on his fat cock. Her sweet ponytail swung back and forth, at the side of her head as she slid up and down on Mr. Harper's prick.

"I love fucking, sir," she whimpered. "I love yielding to temptation like this."

"Fuck me, you sweet pet," Mr. Harper huffed.

She fucked furiously on top of him until a withering climax engulfed her.

"Sir, I'm doing it!" she yelped.

"Come with me, Kristi!"

And she did. Her whole being was turned over to the beautiful feeling. It waved over her like a rushing tide. His cock spit juice into her pussy. She bucked and fucked. Her ponytail slapped and flapped.

She crumpled on top of him, heaving, panting, shivering in the final gasp of her orgasm.

"Goddamn!" her teacher whispered. "Oh, Goddamn, honey, you fucked me so good."

"I just want to learn, sir," Kristi panted. "I just want to learn…"

CHAPTER TWO

The day following her intriguing experience with Mr. Harper, Kristi strolled down the hall in her alternate uniform. She wore maroon knee socks, a white, silky long-sleeved blouse with a ruffled collar, and a plaid, maroon miniskirt. The skirt was held together with a large, gold colored pin. Kristi liked it because it was so easy to get in and out of.

Her long, blonde hair was combed out, parted in the middle and swept back on the sides, held there with maroon barrettes before it fell to her shoulders. It licked at her back as she walked. Kristi had been thinking constantly about the incident in her teacher's office, the way he had fucked her, the way he took her so boldly and quickly. The mere thought of it sent delicious tingles racing down her arms and up her legs.

Kristi had freshly painted her fingernails a bright red, and she wore a light-red lipstick which matched the rouged look of her blushed cheeks.

She was joined in the hall by Gary Penn. He was a senior at Hastings High. Kristi had dated him only twice. He was nearly six-feet, three-inches, thin, and he played on the basketball team. Gary had black hair which he wore short, almost a crew cut, so he could effect a new-wave look. Kristi had always thought Gary was good-looking. She liked the rugged cut of his young face.

"Kristi, hi," he said.

"Hi, Gary."

"I wondered if you wanted to see a movie with me. The Warriors is playing at the Orpheum. I thought we could catch the early feature after school."

That interested Kristi. She could kill some time before she had to go home and spend a baring evening with her parents. They always made her be home by ten o'clock on school nights, so she never went out much except on the weekends.

"Sure, I'd love to," Kristi said.

Gary smiled. They agreed to meet after the final period, then they went to their English class. Kristi sat across the aisle from Gary.

Their English teacher was Mrs. Valerie Hope, a buxom, busty woman of thirty-eight. She always wore tight skirts, low V-neck sweaters, nylons and black high heels. She had gorgeous legs and the boys always took note of this when Mrs. Hope sat up on her desk, crossed her legs and read to them from the Iliad or some other classic work of literature.

She also would come down to the front row during class, take an

empty desk, and sit on that as she talked to the class or read to them.

This day she was siding on the desk in the front row, facing the class. Her knit skirt had pulled especially high to reveal her great legs.

Kristi looked over and saw Gary staring at the woman's legs, her dark, silk stockings, the way they pulled against her thighs. She looked at the other boys. They were all fixed on the teacher's dirty pose on the desk.

Kristi saw the erection push up in Gary's blue slacks, his uniform pants that were worn with his white shin and, blue tie.

After class, Kristi met her friends Brenda Black. Brenda was a lusty girl with long, brown hair, a pretty face accentuated by a square chin. She wore her hair in a long ponytail and had on the same uniform as Kristi.

"God, that Mrs. Hope. She's such a bitch. Do you think she sits up there and shows off her legs on purpose?" Brenda asked.

"I don't know, but she sure gives the guys a good look, doesn't she?"

"Shit! It gets 'em all hot and bothered, I'll tell you that."

"I noticed," Kristi replied.

"The old witch. She better watch it," Brenda said.

The bell rang and they went to their next class. Afterward, Kristi met Gary in front of the school, and they walked down the street four blocks to the Orpheum Theater.

They took a seat in the back, up on thc balcony. Since it was an early movie, there was a sparse crowd in the theater and only one other person in the balcony with them, a man who sat down in the front row.

Gary slid his hand to Kristi's and took it. He held it as the movie began. Kristi liked the rock 'n' roll sound track that was playing while the credits rolled.

She squeezed Gary's hand and he squeezed hers. She moved their clasped fingers and laid them on her thigh. Then she moved Gary's hand up higher.

All she could think about was how good it had felt the day before when Mr. Harper had fucked and sucked her pussy. Her cunt itched for some action.

She moved Gary's hand so that it lay on her ripe thigh. He made no move to move it to her pussy. Kristi wanted him to. Then she slid her hand up and down on his thigh. Gary trembled. She pulled higher until her fingers bit his rising erection. She clutched it and squeezed.

"Ooooh," Gary whispered lowly, hotly.

He slid his hand under her miniskirt, along her creamy thigh, and finally his fingers tipped against the thin material of her panties.

He rubbed her pussy slowly.

"Gary," Kristi whimpered.

She unzipped his fly and his cock leaped into her hand. His cock was hard as lead. She held his prick in her hand and felt the beating, pounding throb of his desire.

A stream of cream dribbled down over her knuckles as she held his cock. She slowly jacked on it. His prick wasn't as big as Mr. Harper's, but it was a good six inches. And hard, oh so hard. She loved the heat of his stiff cock against her palm and fingers.

Gary's fingers scratched at the crotch of her panties. Kristi's pussy spritzed and her pussy juiced seeped through the thin cotton to Gary's prodding fingers.

Kristi couldn't help herself. She was as hot as a firecracker fuse. She unhooked the pin at the side of the miniskirt and it unwrapped like a bandage and fell wide open.

She pumped on the boy's prick, a slow, sure stroke. His cock squirted little drops of cum that sprinkled her forearm.

"Put your hand in my panties, Gary," she whispered.

He quickly dipped into the white panties and ran his fingers through the thick coils of blonde cunt hair. His finger slipped into her pussy.

"Oh God, Kristi," he whimpered. "Not too loud," she admonished. She was frightened of what she was doing there in the balcony of the Orpheum.

His finger moved in and out of Kristi's cunt. She slid down on the edge of her cushioned seat and let Gary finger-fuck her as she jacked on his prick.

Then he kissed her. The two teenagers locked together in a sweet moment of slobbering bliss.

"Are you tempted to fuck me, Gary?" Kristi whispered.

"Yes, yes," he gulped. "Take my panties off."

Gary tugged at Kristi's white panties and pulled them over her thighs. She lifted her ass off the seat so he could slide them down, which he did, taking them all the way off. He laid them daintily on the next seat.

"You must yield to the temptation, Gary. Get between my legs," Kristi said in a hushed whisper.

Gary got between Kristi's legs. He was on his knees on the floor of the balcony and his young cock wobbled at the edge of the seat. Kristi slid farther down until his prick slapped against her smooth thighs.

She reached down and grasped his cock, pulled it to her, pushed his cock head against her pussy, and Gary humped, in at her and shoved his cock into her cunt.

"Ah," Kristi sighed, a long, low murmur of pleasure that escaped her gaping mouth.

Gary had never fucked before. He was shaking like a leaf caught in a brisk wind. He pumped at her. His cock jammed all the way into Kristi's wet cunt. It felt as though he had his cock in a velvet vise.

"Kristi!" he yelped.

"Shhhh," she said. "Just fuck me. Just fuck my cunt, Gary."

Kristi loved the way the boy's young cock plugged her pussy. Gary's prick was hard and hot in her cunt and she liked the way he humped his ass and made his cock go in and out.

She lifted her ass off the theater seat and ground her hips into Gary, grinding her pussy at his poking prick. Gary held onto the arms of her seat as he fucked her. Kristi rolled her ass, corkscrewed it off the seat and took all of Gary's plunging prick. She heard his fat balls flap at the edge of the seat as he fucked in and out.

"Oh, Kristi, I've never fucked before!" Gary gasped.

"Shhh," she hissed.

His cock slammed hard into Kristi's slushy cunt. All that could be heard was the heavy breathing of the two teenagers and the slick chick of his prick hammering into Kristi's cunt.

"Don't yell when you come, Gary," Kristi said.

"Oh, jeez!" he cried.

"Fuck my pussy!" she whispered.

He did. On his knees, rocking back and forth, he gate her his cock, sent it sharply and smartly in and out of Kristi's burning pussy.

"I never thought you'd ever let me do this to you," the boy panted.

His hands went to Kristi's big tits and he grasped them, held them, zithered his fingers over the full-blown orbs.

"I'm only letting you fuck me because you're tempted to, Gary."

"Oh, Kristi!" he yelled at the top of his voice.

His cock erupted and sprayed a huge, thick load of cream into Kristi's cunt.

"Shhhh!" Kristi protested. "Don't yell, just let it shoot all that cream!"

"Oh, God!" he cried.

Now he rocked furiously on the floor. His cock jammed Kristi's pussy. She felt the tingle of pleasure start slow, then it gripped her like a raging fire. She was pulled forward in her seat by the force of her fantastic climax.

Gary fucked her fervently. Kristi wanted to scream with pleasure as his cock erupted, gushed, spat out its heavy load in her pussy.

Kristi fell back on the seat, splayed out there beautifully, shaking, trembling in the glow of her orgasm. Gary's cock was still squirting cum in her pussy, and she lay there and let it all in.

She loved fucking, and she knew that it was wonderful, that it was the most wonderful thing that had ever happened to her.

Suddenly she thought about Mr. Harper's long cock and she became hot again. She rolled her hips wildly off the seat against Gary's creaming cock.

"Keep fucking me," she panted.

"Ooooh," the boy mumbled.

But his cock went limp on him and left Kristi squirming in her seat, left her needing more. His cock slipped out of her pussy.

Kristi reached out, grabbed the boy by the back of his head and pulled him down on her cunt. She mashed his lips to her wet clit.

"Eat it!" she whimpered.

Gary gobbled wildly at her teenaged cunt. He wasn't as good as Mr. Harper, but Kristi liked the way his lips smacked and sucked her cunt.

He was on his knees between her legs, bent over, snacking on Kristi's pussy, sending her through a sensation of pleasure. The thrill of fucking in the theater with people all around made Kristi so hot she fell into a shuddering swoon and experienced her first multiple orgasm. Wave after wave of tingling delight flooded her beautiful, young body.

The rock 'n' roll music from the movie sound track hit a crescendo as Kristi hit the top of her orgasms. She ground her ass, rolled her hips, pushed her pussy against Gary's sucking mouth.

"Ooooh," she whistled lowly.

"Mmmmm," the boy mumbled.

"Suck my cunt, baby," she said. And she liked the sound of the whispered words. "Suck my cunt, Gary."

And she fainted. It was a dizzying climax… and she simply fell limp on the seat from the sheer excitement of Gary's sucking. Gary was jacking on his cock as he ate her pussy, and his prick was hard again.

He lifted off Kristi's pussy and slipped his cock into the unconscious schoolgirl. He fucked at her cunt wildly. When Kristi came to, she found him squirting another load into her.

"Oh, God, Gary, you're so lewd," she panted. "So Goddamn lewd and naughty."

He pushed it to her, slammed his cock hard into her young cunt. Kristi didn't think she could come again, but she did. Her orgasm was quick and hot as his cream spilled inside her pussy. She shook uncontrollably and fell back again on the seat.

CHAPTER THREE

Kristi was ashamed of her wanton behavior in the theater. She came to school the next day depressed that she had let Gary fuck her so easily. She warned him not to tell anyone about the incident, and he promised he wouldn't.

There was no doubt she was the most beautiful girl at Hastings High School… and she knew it. She was also the brightest. She had all this going, but things had changed so much over the past few days. She had been fucked and sucked and she was ashamed of her behavior. Over the weekend, she went to church and the minister kept preaching how it was sinful to have sex before marriage. This sent her into a deeper torpor.

Monday morning she went to school determined to discuss the problem with her mentor and teacher, Mr. Harper. What would he have to say about these guilty feelings she was having?

She sat in his class in her tit-filled pink sweater, the gray miniskirt, blue knee socks, and she wondered the lecture on Descartes and his theory: "I THINK, THEREFORE I AM."

After class, she waited until the students filed out, then she approached Mr. Harper.

"Hello, Kristi," he smiled.

"Hi, Mr. Harper. I have a question I wondered if you'd answer for me."

"Certainly, my dear. What is it?"

"It's about sin, sir."

"Well, you said some philosophers don't believe there is such a thing as sin, but at church Sunday, the preacher said that sex was a sin and that I could go to hell."

"Oh, my poor dear. You must not listen to those purveyors of madness. Came to my office and we'll discuss it."

Kristi followed the handsome teacher to his office.

"There is no such thing as hell, my darling," Mr. Harper said.

He pulled the sweet teenager to him and held her tightly. His hands worked slowly over her back and traced the delicious curves of her fabulous ass. He clutched at her tight ass cheeks and kissed her hotly.

"Oh, Mr. Harper, please don't," Kristi breathed hotly.

Mr. Harper's greedy hand slipped under her pleated miniskirt. His fingers trailed along her beautiful thighs and he rubbed her cunt through the thin panties.

Mr. Harper tilted Kristi's pretty chin and kissed her yummy red lips. Kristi trembled with a shiver that stirred deep inside her and

jiggled her against her teacher's hard, lean body.

His swelling cock throbbed in her firm grip. She squeezed her fingers tighter on his bulging prick, pushed her hand down on it and moved it back and forth, pulling the soft skin beneath his slacks.

Their splendid kiss burned into a breathtaking moment of sucking, licking ecstasy. Mr. Harper sucked Kristi's plink tongue into his mouth and bit it lovingly as his finger fizzed her hot young cunt.

Mr. Harper slipped his free hand under her skirt from the back and plunged his hand into her panties and over the bald smoothness of her baby-cheek ass.

He shoved a finger up her asshole. He tipped it up to the first knuckle and caught the rhythm of his other finger and gently fucked Kristi's ass and pussy at the same time…

She slipped into a soothing, simmering trance.

"So, you see dear," Mr. Harper gasped, breaking their wild kiss, "there is no sin… sin is merely a mistake, and this certainly isn't a mistake, is it?"

"Oh no, sir," Kristi sobbed.

"And there is no hell, my dear," he said. His fingers quivered in and out of Kristi's tight asshole and her sopping pussy.

"Is there?" he asked.

"No, sir," Kristi sighed, her fingers pinching the tab of his zipper.

She pulled it down and opened the fly of Mr. Harper's slacks. She slid her hand inside and yanked out his huge, bubbling cock.

His cock was like a squirting pipe. She held it desperately. His thick, round prick pulsated in her hand. His bright-red, bell-shaped cock head foamed with thick cream. Kristi watched a big gob spit out of his cock tip and drip slowly down his cock and catch on her fingers.

"We learn through our senses, darling," Mr. Harper sighed.

His fingers worked a ravishing magic. Her pussy sluiced with juice. His finger up her tight assbud made her breathless.

"Yes, through the senses," she puffed. "Yes, yes."

Her gaze was glued to Mr. Harper's king-sized cock. She had a good hold on it. She pulled down, then let go. His huge prick snapped back and wobbled. A thimbleful of cum squirted out and splattered on her gray miniskirt. The thick cream clung there for a moment, then spilled down her thigh and dribbled to her blue knee sock.

"I'm tempted to suck it, sir," she whimpered. "Then you must, sweetheart. Then you must," her teacher whined.

Kristi dipped down. Mr. Harper's fingers slipped out of her cunt. She knelt before him, snapped her head to throw her long, blonde ponytail behind her, and clutched at his big prick with both hands.

She leaned in and kissed his fizzing cock head. Her sweet tongue swirled over its big top. She licked the thick cream from his cock as

though she were lapping at a double-dip vanilla ice-cream cone.

"Ah, my sweet darling," Mr. Harper moaned. "Lick my prick!"

"It's so large, sir," Kristi whispered, "and full of this white stuff."

"Full of cum far you, my dear."

"It just keeps spilling out," Kristi said as she licked away another gob of cream that, spat from the boiling cockhead of Mr. Harper's throbbing prick.

The teacher unbuckled his slacks and took them down with his shorts so that they lay in a heap round his shoes. He stood naked except for the white shirt and striped blue and red tie. He bunched his shirt up round his chest to reveal his flat, hairy belly. His cock stood long, hard, shining like a knight.

Kristi sucked the tip of his hot prick into her warm mouth. Mr. Harper groaned. It was as though he had slipped his cock into a bowl of hot butter.

"Oh, my pet," he gulped. "Suck my cock." Kristi's pretty blonde head bobbed up and down on his mammoth prick. Her sweet, red lips were scaled around his shimmering cock like two juicy watermelon slices.

She liked the way his cock spat in her mouth. His squishy cock head spewing that tasty cream delighted her. She tightened her grip and ducked up and down on his cock passionately.

Mr. Harper spread his feet as much as he could in his crumpled slacks, humped his ass, and pushed his cock deeper into Kristi's mouth.

She liked the way he seemed to melt and wilt before her. She sensed a tremendous power with his prick in her mouth. He was hers now. She sucked wildly on his enormous erection. Her hands pumped on his cock as she gobbled.

"That's beautiful, Kristi!" Mr. Harper yelped. "That's so Goddamn beautiful!"

Kristi took one hand and cupped his fat balls with it, pumped ardently on his cock with the other and sucked furiously, her lips slipping up and down with the bob of her head.

She was beautiful, down on her knees with his foot-long prick in her mouth. Her ponytail slapped at her back with each sucking motion she made.

She felt Mr. Harper shudder. Then she felt his cock stiffen, his cock head bloat, and he came. He poured a surging flood of cream into her mouth.

Kristi thought she would choke on the cascading juice. It splashed against the back of her throat. Her mouth overfilled and big, thick streams oozed from the corners of her puckered mouth and slobbered down over her chin, hanging there for a moment, then dropping to the

floor in a squishy splat.

"Honey!" Mr. Harper barked. "Oh, honey, darling! Sweet prick-sucker!"

His breathy poetry excited Kristi. She liked the way be talked, and it made her suck even more fervently on Mr. Harper's frothing prick.

"You're suckin' it all out," he mumbled. "Oh, Kristi! Oh, my sweet girl!"

She pumped hotly with her hand, finally pulling off his spurting cock head, as big gobs of cum spilled out of her mouth, down over her chin.

Kristi had a lock on his cock with both hands and she slugged faster and faster until her hands became a blur. The top half of his cock wiggled and waved as his brilliant red cock head rained the last of his explosive load.

"Oh, Mr. Harper, there's so much cream," Kristi sobbed.

"All for you, precious one. My sweet cock sucker, all for you," he babbled.

He stumbled back, weak, spent, and caught his balance against the wall. He stood against it, shaking, his cock wobbling, dripping long, white strings of cum. Kristi knelt in the middle of his office, her mouth and chin drenched with thick juice.

Mr. Harper was so taken by the sight of her like that, that he fell to his knees, crawled to her, and took her down. He kissed her, licked his cum from her lips, and rubbed his slick, soaking cock on her thighs as he lay on top of her. Her skirt was up around her waist. Her pink panties were sopping wet at the crotch.

Then he was on his hands and knees between her spread legs. He bent down and kissed her pink panties. He lapped his tongue at the slippery crotch. He kissed her cunt through the panties. Kristi's ass lifted off the floor and she rolled it against his mouth.

Mr. Harper pulled her panties down, took them over her beautiful legs and yanked them off. He lifted them to his face, turned them inside out and licked the crotch.

This lewd act inflamed Kristi. A warm thrill fluttered though her. Mr. Harper took her panties, then he sat up on just his knees. He took the pink panties and wiped them vulgarly over his gooey cock. He wiped away the thick suds on his prick.

"Oh, Mr. Harper, that's so obscene," Kristi whimpered.

"We learn to live through the senses, darling," he said.

Then he tossed the panties up on his desk, leaned back down and kissed Kristi's cunt.

"Mmmmm, decidedly delicious, my dear," he warbled.

"Oh, Mr. Harper, right here on the floor like this?"

"Yes, on the floor. I'm gonna eat your cunt off the floor."

"You're so nasty, sir."

He sucked Kristi's pussy into his mouth, then nibbled it hotly.

"Oh, ah, uh, whoof," Kristi sighed loudly.

"You're beautiful, Kristi, absolutely beautiful," Mr. Harper said, his lips muffled by the blonde curls of Kristi's cunt.

He slid down on his elbows, slipped his hands under her exquisite ass and lifted it off the hardwood floor. Kristi's legs were spread wide, her arms stretched out as though she were being crucified. Her arms lay limp on the floor. She was his.

And he took her. He cupped her smooth cheeks of her golden-ass, pulled them up and buried his face in her pussy. His mouth was wide open, gaping, and he sucked voraciously on her, delicate cunt.

He sucked all of Kristi's cunt into his mouth. Then he chewed and munched her pussy to her quivering delight. She squirmed and wriggled under his touch.

"Oh, sir!" she gulped, her breath catching in her throat.

Kristi's pussy was creamy and soft, and the teacher sucked it, making gurgling sounds, as though he were on a straw sucking the last drop of a milkshake.

Kristi quivered into a randy delirium, a bawdy trance as the man crunched her cunt, sucked and chewed. Then he lapped at her pussy. His tongue wobbled and fluttered up and down the slit of her pussy until he found her filtering clit. He nipped it between his lips, rolled it, bit it lovingly.

Kristi threw her head from side to side, her pretty blonde ponytail sweeping the floor as she puffed and huffed, whining whimpers as the lewd tongue seduced her sweet, young pussy.

"Ah, sir… please!" she babbled.

He knew he had her at the edge of climax. He twittered his sizzling tongue like a flame over the hot clit, intoxicating Kristi with heart swelling flushes of rapture. She was in a teenaged tizzy. Her breath came fast and hot. Like jets of steam it rushed out of her lips.

"Ah, uh, oof, whoa, ahhh," she mumbled. Kristi rolled her hips in a slow circular grind against her teacher's flaring tongue.

She felt the first stirrings of the heavenly rumble that she knew would send her into that splendid spin of pleasure. Just as she started to come, Mr. Harper lifted off her cunt, hovered over her, grabbed his beefy cock, guided it to her quivering pussy and shoved it in.

"Oh, no!" Kristi gasped. "Oh, Mr. Harper!" He banged his cock at her. His cock hammered her cunt as she came.

"Ooooh," Kristi moaned. "Sir, I'm comin' right now… here I come!"

Her teacher pumped high and low, up and down, drumming his huge prick into Kristi's eager pussy.

"Fuck me!" she cried. "Fuck me!"

"You darling princess!" Mr. Harper moaned.

Kristi felt as though she were riding a wild wave, hanging ten on the high side of heaven. Her climax throbbed through her in a thrilling flush of pure pleasure.

Mr. Harper dunked his mammoth cock, shoved it deep into her cunt. Kristi fucked back at him. Her fine ass slammed up and down off the hard floor as he took her to the top of her orgasm. Just when she thought she might faint from the sheer delight of it, Mr. Harper's prick ballooned and heaved a thick dose of cream into her cunt.

A toasty-warm feeling vibrated through the girl as his piping-hot cum flushed into her. She threw her legs high in the air and bucked up and down. Her beautiful ass slapped the floor. Mr. Harper's prick smashed her pussy.

"Oh, honey!" he panted.

"Mr. Harper, I love fucking!" Kristi wailed. "I know you do, Kristi. I know you do." His ass pumped like a jackhammer. He drove his huge prick in and out of her pussy, Kristi hit the top of her smoldering orgasm. She wiggled wildly under his humping cock.

Mr. Harper spilled wave after wave of cum into her cunt. It splashed in there, flooded the girl's young pussy, and seeped out the sides, down her thighs in long streams of goo.

His strokes became short and punchy until he had no more to give. Kristi fell back on the floor, heaving, panting from the breath-taking climax.

Mr. Harper collapsed on top of her. They lay there in a lover's pile, breathing hard and heavy, relishing the afterglow of their excellent fuck.

CHAPTER FOUR

"You're not gonna believe this," Brenda said to Kristi as they got their books out of their lockers.

"What?"

"Mrs. Hope and Mr. Peters."

"What about them?"

"I caught them screwing,"

"Doing what?"

"He was screwin' her in the chemistry lab. He does it all the time. I've been watching them. I just had to tell someone."

"Are they really?"

"You're damn right they are. God, do they go at it."

Kristi shivered at the thought of fucking and her latest episode on the floor of Mr. Harper's office.

"You wanna watch 'em?" Brenda asked. "Sure, why not? How do we do it?"

"They meet in the lab on Mondays, usually, sometimes on Fridays, just after the final bell."

"How do you watch them?"

"I hide behind the lab counter and peek over the top."

"You're a devil," Kristi said.

Brenda smiled. She had no inhibitions.

Kristi had been frightened of Brenda's outgoing nature in the past, but since her lessons with Mr. Harper, his tutoring, she was interested in sex and all that went with it.

"Let's do it," Kristi said.

Later that day after the final bell, the two girls, dressed in their maroon school outfits, the high-necked white blouses, the maroon knee socks, the black shoes, their miniskirts wrapped around their sweet young bodies and held with the gold pins, hid themselves behind the lab counter in the chemistry room.

"Are you sure they'll come in here?" Kristi asked.

"Just wait," Brenda said.

Mr. Peters entered first. He was attired in a brown, tweed sports jacket, white shirt, brown tie, and black slacks. He fiddled with some chemistry equipment on a desk across the room from the peeing girls.

Mrs. Hope came in a minute later. She wore a tight red sweater that bulged with her big tits. She had on a tight black skirt, dark nylons, and black high heels.

She rushed into Mr. Peters' arms. They kissed hotly.

Brenda nudged Kristi as if to say, See, I told you.

Brenda's long brown hair was shining and luxurious as it fell on

her shoulders. She had it swept back tight on her head and held at the side by white barrettes. Kristi, in a rush to get to school, had simply combed her hair over to the left side and tied it into a looping ponytail that jutted up, then fell along the side of her head. The two girls watched the teachers embrace.

Mrs. Hope reached for the man's cock. She found it and unzipped his pants.

Kristi gasped.

"Shhh," Brenda admonished.

It. Peters' cock was incredible. His cock was even bigger than Mr. Harper's prick, and Kristi was so taken with it a flutter of excitement ran through her and her pussy juiced in her tight panties.

Mrs. Hope, her long, black hair falling teasingly down her back, dipped to her knees and took his huge cock in her mouth and sucked it.

Kristi saw Brenda pull her miniskirt up around her waist, hold it there with one hand, while her other hand plunged into her yellow panties, knuckling them out at the crotch as she fingered her bushy brown cunt.

"I get so hot," Brenda whispered softly.

Kristi was too. Her pussy was wet. She rubbed it through her skirt.

Mrs. Hope sucked his huge prick, her head ducking up and down lewdly. Mr. Peters gripped the desk and held on. "Oh, Valerie," he sighed.

Mrs. Hope finally lifted off his cock and stood up. She smiled at Mr. Peters and they kissed again. As they did, the man worked her skirt up at the sides until it was around her waist. Then he fished his hand in her tight panties and fondled her cunt.

It was a magnificent sight. Both the young schoolgirls were turned on seeing their teachers in such a hot embrace.

Brenda was jerking-off wildly as she watched, so Kristi snapped the pin at the side of her own skirt. It unwrapped and floated to the floor. She quickly danced her hand inside her pink panties and screwed her finger in her juicy pussy.

Mrs. Hope clutched Mr. Peters' prick, and he fingered her.

"Oh God, Ed," she huffed. "We have to fuck quick. I'm due home early today, and if I'm late my husband will be angry."

"Well, let's fuck then," the man said.

"Oh God, they're gonna fuck," Brenda whispered lightly.

Mrs. Hope climbed on top of the table. Mr. Peters took her panties down, crawled up on top of her. He slipped his coat off, slid his pants and shorts down, and his unbelievable cock wiggled and wavered as he mounted her.

"I need that big prick," Mrs. Hope gasped.

"I need to fuck you, Valerie," Ed said. He shoved his cock into her. "Oh, Goddamn!" she yipped. "Isn't this great, honey?" Mr. Peters sighed as he started a slow pumping, his naked ass thrusting up and down. His cock clobbered her cunt.

Brenda gasped as she fingered her pussy. Kristi couldn't believe Mrs. Hope had all of Mr. Peters' big cock in her cunt.

But she did, and Mrs. Hope wrapped her nyloned legs around Mr. Peters and bucked up and down to him as they slipped into a lurid fuck there on top of the table.

Brenda pulled her panties down around her knees so she could have better access to her dripping, young cunt. She skewered her finger into her cunt with a jerky flutter.

Kristi was so hot she knew she'd come at any moment.

Mrs. Hope was giving Mr. Peters' big cock a wild ride. She was twisting, turning, wiggling, pumping her ass off the table and against his long cock as it bulldozed her big, black cunt.

As Mrs. Hope crossed her head from side to side, she spied Kristi and Brenda peeking over the top of the lab counter across the room.

"Oh, my God!" she exclaimed. "They're watching."

"Huh, what?" Mr. Peters said. "Over there, they're watching us." Brenda and Kristi ducked down behind the counter. Mr. Peters stopped his thrust. He rolled off Valerie and slid from the table.

"All right, come out from behind there this minute. Right now!" he barked.

The girls trembled and stayed right where they were.

"I said, come out!" Mr. Peters said sternly.

Kristi finally stood up and walked around the counter. She tried to buckle her skirt back around her pink panties. Brenda got up and joined her, puffing her pants up from her knees.

"Well, look at this, Valerie," Mr. Peters mused.

Mrs. Hope, her tight, black skirt still up around her waist, slid her legs over the side of the table and sat there in a tizzy of anger.

"What do we have here?" Mr. Peters said. "What were you girls doing?"

They stood docile, defeated, silent. Mr. Peters eyed beautiful Kristi, who couldn't get her skirt hooked back up. Finally she quit trying and just held it at her side as she stood there.

Mr. Peters' incredible cock stood out from between his legs like a threatening weapon.

"So, you two like to sneak around and watch, huh?" he said.

"Well, we just happened to be in…"

"Enough. That will be enough. It's our word against yours, and we could have you both expelled from school. We could say we caught

you in here playing with yourselves, couldn't we, Valerie?"

"We certainly could," she answered. "On the other hand, perhaps we might forget that you young ladies did this."

His eyes were glued to the crotch of Kristi's panties.

"Come over here, Kristi," he commanded. Kristi walked over to him and he reached out and dipped his hand inside her pants and fingered her pussy.

"Goodness, it's all wet, isn't it?" he whispered.

Kristi was shaking with fright and excitement. She looked at his big prick. She wanted to grab it, but she didn't think she should. Then the teacher took her hand and placed it on his cock.

"How's that. How about the real thing?"

"Oh, Mr. Peters, I don't know," Kristi whispered.

"Oh, jeez!" Brenda huffed as she watched. Mrs. Hope slid off the table and smiled. She found a rubber mallet on the table, took it and played it up and down on her big bushy cunt. Then she shoved it in and fucked at her pussy with the handle of it.

Mr. Peters yanked Kristi's sweet, pink panties down. They fell on top of her shoes. He pulled the young girl to him and kissed her.

Brenda was turned on. She unsnapped the pin on her skirt and it floated to the floor. She pulled her yellow panties down around her knees and jacked her finger into her brown cunt. Brenda had never been fucked but she was a compulsive masturbator. The scene before her, Mr. Peters' big cock slamming against Kristi, Mrs. Hope fucking herself vulgarly with the mallet, inflamed Brenda. She hummed her finger in and out of her pussy in a hot blur.

"I'm going to fuck you, girls, and you'll not say one word about it to anyone, is that understood?"

"I've never been fucked," Brenda panted.

Mr. Peters left Kristi trembling and gasping. He pulled Brenda to him and kissed her just as wildly as he had Kristi. His blatant cock slammed against the young girl's belly. Brenda shook and shivered.

Mr. Peters lifted her up to the table beside Valerie. He pulled her panties all the way off, then kneeled in front of her and kissed her virgin cunt.

"Oh!" It was all the girl could say. Brenda gasped and panted. "Oh, oh, oh!"

Brenda had never had this happen before.

Kristi watched Mr. Peters eat Brenda's brown pussy, and she became so hot she had to fuck a finger in her cunt, and she did.

Valerie watched the proceedings with an intense interest as she plunged the handle of the mallet in and out of her hairy pussy.

Mr. Peters slurped on Brenda's cunt until the girl shivered as though she'd been jolted by a bolt of electricity. She yelped loudly and

came.

"Oh, God! Shit!" she yelled.

Mr. Peters worked hard to bring her home the right way, and he did. He brought her to the top of the climax with his sucking lips, took her over the crest, and gobbled wildly as Brenda wiggled and writhed on the table.

She finally lay spent, heaving, panting on the table. Her tits pushed at the white blouse.

Then Mr. Peters turned his attention to Kristi. He pulled her over to the desk, sat her up beside Brenda and Valerie. He slowly unbuttoned the blouse and took out Kristi's big tits. He held them and marveled at the firm roundness. He leaned in and kissed each ill tenderly.

Valerie had the mallet handle all the way up her pussy.

"Yeah, make her wild!" she cried.

Mr. Peters pulled away from Kristi's ripe tits, spread her legs, and leveled his frightening cock at her young, blonde pussy. He pushed his tomato-shaped cock head at her tight cunt.

"Oh, Mr. Peters, I can't possibly handle it," Kristi protested.

"Of course you can," he said, and he pushed his ass at her and shoved his prick in.

"Oooooh," Kristi sighed.

"Fuck her, Ed!" Valerie cried.

Brenda was sitting up on the edge of the table. She watched Mr. Peters' big prick penetrate Kristi's pussy.

"Oh, my God!" Brenda yelped. "He's putting that monster in you, Kristi!"

"I know he is," Kristi sobbed.

Mrs. Hope was so taken by this rare moment that she came violently, almost falling off the table as she climaxed.

"Fuck off!" she shouted.

Mrs. Hope's orgasm pulled her over from the waist, and she finally did slide off the table as she felt the flood of pleasure drown her. She shook in an aroused shiver until she had drained the last sensation of pleasure from her body.

She pulled the mallet out of her cunt. It was dripping with her pussy juice. She turned to Brenda, took the handle of the hammer and jammed it in the young girl's pussy.

"Ohhh… no… no!" Brenda screamed.

But she liked the hard rubber filling her cunt. Mrs. Hope jacked it in and out of the girl's cunt.

Mr. Peters slammed his cock deeper inside Kristi.

"I don't think it will work, sir!" Kristi cried. "It's too… too big!"

But he was not to be denied this moment of bliss. He pushed and

shoved and got half of his cock in her cunt. She looked clown and watched.

"God, sir, it must be over a foot long," she panted.

"That thing is fourteen fucking inches," Mrs. Hope said.

She continued fucking Brenda's pussy with the mallet.

Mr. Peters had a hot stroke going. He had Kristi helpless on the table. He stood between her legs, lifted them and hooked them over his shoulders, so he could drive his mammoth prick deeper into her sapping cunt.

"Jesus, this is hot stuff!" Mrs. Hope yelped.

"You're doing me with that hammer, Mrs. Hope," Brenda sobbed.

"Damn right I am."

Mr. Peters was doing Kristi's cunt with his giant cock. He fucked her as she squirmed on the table. His cock was like a marble pillar plummeting in and out of her sweet cunt.

Kristi came. She couldn't stop. Mr. Peters' big prick took her home, and she finally let it happen. Her pussy juiced and sucked at his large cock. The flood of pleasure ripped through her so violently she was jerked straight up off the table to a sitting position.

"Ah, here… oh… I'm coming!" she sighed.

She threw her arms around the teacher's neck. He bulldozed his cock in and out of her with a fervently fast stroke. She shuddered with the ripple of ecstasy that gripped her, then fell back on the desk, fucked out and spent.

Mr. Peters pulled his prick out and moved to Brenda. Mrs. Hope removed the mallet handle from the young girl's pussy, and Mr. Peters moved in for the kill. He guided the huge head of his prick to her sucking pussy. He slugged it in.

"No, no, no!" Brenda yelled.

"Yes, yes, yes!" Mr. Peters said. "If you're going to sneak around and watch, then you should have the real thing."

"And that's the real thing!" Valerie exclaimed.

"God, you're sweet," Mr. Peters said as he looked Brenda in the eyes.

Her big brown eyes, full of passion, gazed back at the man.

"I'm gonna fuck you, Brenda." Kristi was recovering from her wonderful orgasm. She sat up on the edge of the table and watched Mr. Peters jam his prick into Brenda's pussy.

"Oh, Mr. Peters, it's too awesome… it's way too big!" Brenda sighed.

The teacher shoved deeper.

"You'll like it, dear," he said.

Then he wildly fucked her. Goddamn, he fucked her. Valerie grabbed the mallet and stuck it back in her soaking pussy. Kristi

slammed two fingers against her pussy as she watched his huge cock slick in and out of Brenda's cunt.

"Oh! Wow!" Valerie shouted.

"Mr. Peters!" Brenda wailed, lying back on the table, letting him fuck her, letting him drum her with that monster prick of his. He squished half way and fucked her to the edge of paradise.

Brenda had never experienced such an exquisite feeling. She was lost in the push and pull of his fabulous cock, swooning to the throbbing stir that shook her body.

"All right then, fuck me!" she screamed. "Go on and fuck me!"

And as she came, his big prick spewed out a pint of hot cream in her virgin cunt. Brenda lost it. Her breath caught in her throat. She tried to scream, but she couldn't. His cum splashed into her and she shuddered into a tingling quiver that she would remember the rest of her life.

CHAPTER FIVE

Kristi and Brenda were sitting in the cafeteria of Hastings High the day after their exciting experience with Mr. Peters and Mrs. Hope in the chemistry lab.

"God, I didn't know fucking could feel so good," Brenda said.

"Me either," Kristi answered.

"Had you ever done it before? Did you ever fuck?" Brenda asked.

Kristi decided to tell her about Mr. Harper.

"Yes, I fucked with Mr. Harper."

"Oh, you're shittin' me, aren't you?"

"No kiddin'… he's been tutoring me in philosophy."

"What does philosophy have to do with gettin' screwed? That's what I wanna know."

"Well, a lot," Kristi said.

Brenda sipped a cola. If there was anyone who could come close to rivaling Kristi for beauty at Hastings High, it was Brenda. Her square-cut face was flawless. Her lips were round, succulent. She had big, brown eyes. Her tits were small compared to Kristi's. They were like tennis balls and softballs. But Brenda had a fabulous body. She was taller than Kristi, but compact, and she had a gorgeous ass.

Both young girls were dressed in their gray miniskirts with the blue knee socks and pink sweaters.

"Philosophy and fucking. I don't get the connection," Brenda said.

"Well, I'll let Mr. Harper explain it to you sometime."

"Yeah, why don't you?"

"I'll talk to him and see if ft's all right."

They were joined at the table by Patti Dawkins. Patti was new at Hastings. She looked up to and admired Kristi.

She had graceful features. She was small, but well-built. Her five-foot frame was packed with teenaged beauty. She had ripe hips, a cute ass, sharp, pointed lemon-sized tits, and a sweet angel face. She wore her blonde hair parted in the middle with two ponytails off the sides. They were held by pink ribbons.

"What are you talkin' about?" Patti asked. "We're talkin' about screwin', that's what," said the brazen Brenda. "You ever been screwed, Patti?"

Patti didn't know what to say.

"Well, I…" she stammered. "I've never done it, no."

"We have," Brenda bragged.

Kristi saw Gary across the cafeteria, excused herself from her friends and walked over to his table. He was sitting with Jimmy Blake.

"Hi, Gary," she said.

Gary asked Kristi to sit down. After a brief exchange, Kristi suggested that Gary and Jimmy walk her to her one o'clock class.

She got up, cuddled her books against her big tits and walked between the two boys. Jimmy was also on the basketball team and was taller than Gary. He was well-built with flaming red hair.

Kristi wondered if Gary had said anything about their exciting experience at the Orpheum Theater.

"Why don't we cut class and go see a movie?" Gary suggested.

"Oh, do we dare? I don't want to get a bad grade," Kristi said, thinking about her A average.

"Aw, come on," Jimmy said. "Star Wars is playing at the Orpheum. Let's go catch the one-fifteen feature."

The three teenagers settled into their seats high up in the balcony. There was no one else up there with them, and they made themselves comfortable as they sat back to watch Star Wars for the zillionth time.

Gary reached over and took Kristi's hand. He squeezed it knowingly.

All the lunch-time talk about fucking had left Kristi hot.

Live life through the senses, Mr. Harper had said. She squeezed Gary's hand, and he took it and placed it on his hard erection.

Jimmy took her other hand and placed it on his crotch, and Kristi felt the rise of his prick inside his pants.

Did these boys have this planned? she asked herself.

But she didn't care if they had. She was delighted to feel the throbbing of their cocks through the thin cotton of their uniform slacks.

She had never felt two pricks like this, and so she unzipped their pants and took out their cocks. Gary's cock was so stiff she thought she could have pounded nails with it. Jimmy's cock was fat and big. She wrapped her fingers around the boys' cocks and squeezed on their firm, smooth pricks.

Kristi was so beautiful sitting there in her school uniform, her gorgeous face shined even in the dark, her blonde hair glowed. She shook her ponytail, slid down on the seat and jacked on their hard, young cocks.

"Can we fuck?" Gary whispered.

"Yes," Kristi panted, "but I don't know how we'd do it here."

"I've got an idea," Jimmy said.

He got up and led them down the stairs to the hallway and out to the men's room.

"Let's sneak in here. No one will be here. They're all watching the movie."

The three teens pushed through the door of the men's room, and Jimmy led them to a toilet stall. They crowded in and he latched the

door.

Gary was on Kristi instantly. He pulled her to him and kissed her hotly.

Jimmy ran his hands over Kristi's wonderful ass, sent his hands up under her skirt and caressed her asscheeks through her thin, white panties. He sliced a finger up her asshole.

Gary dipped under her skirt from the front. He slipped his hand in her panties and stuck his finger in Kristi's cunt. Jimmy kissed and licked her ear as Gary kissed her mouth.

Kristi was steaming with the two boys all over her.

"Oh, you guys," she finally panted, breaking away from Gary's sucking lips.

"Can we fuck you, Kristi?" Jimmy asked. He unzipped his fly and whipped out his fat cock. Gary did the same.

"God, I don't know what to do," Kristi blurted as she eyed their rigid pricks.

Jimmy's cock was seeping dribbles of white cream from his big cocktip. She grasped his prick. She underhanded it, and slid her fingers up and down on his pulsing cock.

Gary unbuttoned her skirt at the side and it fell to the cement floor. Then he pulled her sweater off, and the pretty schoolgirl stood before them in a white bra and panties, blue knee socks and saddle shoes.

She was stunning. Gary's cock squirted. A big gob of cum spat from his cockhead and hit Kristi right above her cute bellybutton, then dripped slowly down into it.

Kristi shivered as Gary's cock sprinkled another goop of cum that this time splattered her luscious, young thigh. She reached for Gary's spurting cock and grabbed it.

Jimmy was jacking on his big, fat prick as he stared wildly at the beautiful young girl. He stuck his hand between her legs and rubbed at her pussy through the panties.

Gary slid his hands inside Kristi's bra and pulled out her tits. Her tits sat up proud and brave, delicious, inviting. Jimmy kissed each one.

"I wanna kiss your cunt," Gary said.

He jerked at her panties, tugged them down over her thighs, and let them fall to her saddle shoes. Kristi stepped out of them, as Gary dipped to his knees in the toilet stall and pasted his lips to her pussy.

"Oh, Gary!" Kristi whispered.

Jimmy fondled and kissed her tits as Gary gobbled her pussy.

Kristi was flooded with passion. She felt weak. A spicy tingle twitched through her.

Jimmy continued to kiss her tits as he caressed her ass. He slid his

hand over her fine, curvy asscheeks. He stuck his finger up her asshole, shoved it in and out for a moment, then lifted off her tits and he, too, settled to the floor. He kneeled, behind Kristi and licked the crack of her ass.

"You guys!" Kristi panted. "You guys!"

Both boys were busy sucking and licking.

Kristi shivered and shook as she stood in the toilet stall and let her two schoolmates fuck her orally. She loved it more than anything.

Gary finally stood up. His cock was so rigid that Kristi thought it might explode.

"I wanna fuck you," he whimpered.

Jimmy got up also.

"Me too," he said.

Kristi didn't know what to do. Jimmy stumbled back and fell on the toilet. He sat there with his cock sticking up. He pulled Kristi down on his cock, backed her into his prick, so she straddled him with her back to him. Jimmy pulled on her ponytail as he slipped his hands around her hips and settled her on his cock. His prick slipped in easily.

"Oh, Jimmy," Kristi sighed. "Your prick is up in me."

"Yes it is," he said, humping his ass off the toilet seat, shoving his cock hard up into Kristi's waiting pussy.

Gary moved in from the front, and Kristi fisted his cock and pulled it into her mouth.

And there they were, the three teens. Jimmy was sitting on the toilet, his pants down around his ankles. Kristi was straddled on top of him, her back to him, as she pumped on Gary's cock.

Gary moved in closer and Kristi sucked his prick into her mouth, sealed her bright-red lips around his cock.

"Oh God, Kristi!" Gary cried. "You've got my prick in your mouth!"

"And she's got my prick in her pussy!" Jimmy gasped.

Kristi began a slow bounce on top of Jimmy, sliding up and down on his fat cock, taking it all into her squishy pussy. As she fucked him, she sucked Gary's iron-hard prick.

Kristi had never had two cocks like this before. She sucked wildly on Gary's cock and bucked up and down on Jimmy's cock. She knew this was the best thing she had ever had happen to her.

Jimmy's cock erupted suddenly and he came inside her. Kristi felt his hot load shoot up into her pussy. Then she felt the sticky cream from Gary's prick squirt into her mouth. They were both coming.

She went wild with her own climax. She bounced wildly on Jimmy. She gobbled frantically on Gary's hard cock. His cock spilled gobs of thick cream in her mouth. She choked, coughed, and had to open her mouth. Big splats of juice spilled from her lips to the floor.

"Oh, shit!" she cried. "Oh, shit, you guys!"

"Fuck me!" Jimmy panted.

Gary stumbled back and hit the door, to the toilet stall, his cock still spitting and drooling. He was shaking in a pure passion.

Jimmy's prick kept splashing cum into Kristi's pussy. She was in an intoxicating stupor. She had never felt so good. Cum dripped from her lips. Cum squirted into her pussy. Her whole body convulsed as she reached the apex of her orgasm.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck!" she shouted.

"Oh, yeah, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck!" Jimmy echoed.

Gary fell to the floor, weak, shaking, his cock wilting.

Jimmy's ass was slapping up and down on the toilet seat as he spiked Kristi's cunt and sent her into the final paroxysm of her climax. He finally crumpled back on the toilet, and his cock wilted in her pussy.

Kristi stood up, her pussy dripping. She reached for her panties on the floor. Jimmy got off the toilet, spun her around and Kristi fell back on the shiny, black toilet seat.

"But we have to go," she whispered.

Gary and Jimmy stood in front of her.

Their cocks were lathered with cum cream. Kristi grabbed both cocks. She sat on the toilet and began jacking on their soft cocks.

"Will you jack us off, Kristi?" Gary asked. "If you want me to, I will," she answered. "We want you to," Jimmy said.

So, Kristi slid forward on the toilet and slugged at their limp cocks.

Jimmy's cock was the first to rise. His cock expanded in her right hand. Gary's followed. Gary's prick grew quickly to a rigid hardness. Kristi's hands slicked easily on their wet cocks.

"God, Kristi, you do that good!" Gary whimpered.

"She does! She does!" Jimmy panted.

Kristi jacked them off in the toilet stall, both boys standing in front of the beautiful teenager, their cocks hard and hot. Kristi sat naked on the toilet, except for her bra, with those lovely tits sitting up over the top of it.

Jimmy humped and spread his legs lewdly. He bent over as Kristi pumped his cock and slipped a finger in her pussy.

"Oh, yeah… please… do that to me… finger my cunt!" Kristi sobbed.

Her hands danced on their hard young cocks. She masturbated them expertly, watching their spitting cockheads, seeing the juicy cream drip from their hot cocktips.

Jimmy screwed her cunt with his finger.

"Look, damnit, I have to fuck, and I have to fuck right now!" Kristi

wept. "I don't care which one of you fucks me, but I need a prick in my pussy!"

Gary fell to his knees between her legs. He pulled Jimmy's finger out of Kristi's pussy and inserted his prick. Kristi kept pumping Jimmy's cock as Gary started a slow, rocking motion, sending his cock in and out of her pussy. She slid farther out on the toilet seat to take as much of it as she could.

"Fuck my cunt," she whispered.

"Jack me off," Jimmy said.

"I'm fuckin' you with my prick," Gary whimpered.

"Goddamn this is good!" Kristi sobbed. "It's so good like this, you guys!"

"Oh, Kristi, I love fuckin' you!" Gary cried. Jimmy's cock bloated and it gushed a hot load of cum. His fat cockhead spewed out a thick splat of cum that caught Kristi on the shoulder and dripped down to her tits.

"I'm comin'!" Jimmy yelped.

Kristi's hand pumped up and down in a fast blur. She jacked Jimmy's cock faster and faster as it squirted big gloops of cum at her tits.

Gary sawed his prick in and out of her pussy as she lifted her ass off the toilet seat and slowly rolled it, a lascivious circular motion that caught his cock in the vise of her pussy and made him come. His prick stiffened and he thumped it furiously into Kristi's cunt as his cock erupted.

Kristi came again. She bit a quick ripple of pleasure, then fell into a long, sweet sensation of climax. The tender vibrations tickled her to a state of exhilaration in which she thought she might shake to death the way she kept coming.

"Oh! Wow!" she blurted. "Oh, yikes, here I come!"

"Me too!" Gary yipped.

"Shit!" Kristi gulped.

She couldn't believe the words leaping out of her mouth, but as she shuddered through the multiple orgasm, as the waves of pleasure flooded over her, she was so hot and so lost in the ecstasy of it, she couldn't control herself.

"Oh, you guys. Shit! Oh, fuck! Shit!" Kristi babbled. "I'm comin' off! I'm gettin' it, you guys! Oh, uh, fuck!"

Gary thwacked his cock harder and faster into her pussy, and Kristi finally fell back, all splayed out on the toilet seat, spent, weak, satisfied.

"You have to learn to live through your senses," she mumbled.

CHAPTER SIX

Kristi was attired in her maroon school outfit. She sat in Mr. Harper's class and listened to him lecture on Descartes.

She was puzzled by all that had been happening to her at. Hastings High. Over the weekend her parents made her go to church with them again, and this time the preacher talked about evil, how the world was full of degradation and evil, how sex was evil, and all his ranting and raving had confused the poor young girl.

After class she walked up to Mr. Harper and asked to speak with him.

"I have another question, sir," she said. Mr. Harper led her to his office and closed the door.

"And what is the question this time, my lovely?"

"It's about evil. What is it?"

"Well, of course, there are many definitions of evil, my dear, but as the great philosopher Friedrich Wilhelm Nietzsche said, one must experience all the evil before you can know the good."

Kristi didn't understand this.

"Explain, sir, will you?"

Her teacher lightly brushed his fingertips over her luscious tits which were popping up against the white blouse. He fondled gently, then cupped them and squeezed.

"Well, evil is simply a state of mind. Murder, of course, is evil… anything that hurts someone else is evil."

"Sunday, my minister said that we live in a society that cares only for pleasure and that's bad."

"On the contrary, Kristi. As the great Spinoza said, 'pleasure is good'."

"Ah, I guess pleasure is good, isn't it, sir?"

"Nietzsche, in his book, Beyond Good And Evil, expresses his opinion that it is a mistake to disregard evil."

"What does he say?"

Mr. Harper rubbed Kristi's pussy through her maroon, plaid miniskirt. His fingers pressed into her soft mound under the material of the skirt. She felt a glow quiver through her.

"That pleasure is the key… all else is folly."

His hand slipped under the schoolgirl skirt and he plunged his finger deep into Kristi's panties. He fish hooked his finger into her cunt.

"Oh, sir, you're in my panties again, aren't you?"

"For pleasure, my darling."

"Yes, for pleasure, Mr. Harper… for pleasure. That's why you're in

my panties, isn't it?"

He closed her babbling mouth with a wild kiss.

His trembling hand fell to the young girl's marvelous ass. He clutched his fingers, dug them into her smooth, tight asscheeks. His other hand was busy in Kristi's panties, knuckling out the crotch as he jigged her pussy with a slick finger-fuck.

Their lips were wet, hot, and Kristi melted against her teacher in a yearning embrace. She felt the throbbing of his immense cock as it thumped against her belly.

Mr. Harper's tongue snaked into Kristi's mouth. She nibbled on it playfully. A hungry passion zipped through her. She liked the knobby head of his cock squishing against her as they kissed.

They were both trembling. Mr. Harper's libido had been brought to the boiling point by the warmth of the beautiful young student, so pretty, so finely made, her ass feeling like two hard-boiled eggs under the teacher's, probing fingers.

Mr. Harper's other hand was working in Kristi's tight, pink panties. His finger wobbled in and out of her wet cunt. She did a slow, delicious bump-and-grind against her teacher's smoldering prick.

She felt a shudder of desire. A spicy burning. A scorching fire raced through her. She rolled her splendid ass, pushed her pussy against the twitching finger, pulled Mr. Harper's head down harder into the kiss, sucked on his lips, and quivered into a lulu of a climax.

Her body shook as though she were freezing. A shudder. A shiver. A quaking quiver.

She came hard. She rolled her hips. She broke the kiss, panting, gasping, her breath racing in quick, short gulps.

"Jesus, what pleasure!" she cried.

"My sweet flower," Mr. Harper whispered. His finger fucked avidly in and out of Kristi's flittering cunt. Her pussy juice was dewy as it sprinkled Mr. Harper's hand.

Kristi fell against him in the passion of her climax, then squirmed into the crescendo.

"Oh, God, Mr. Harper! I just came!" she whimpered, leaning against him, panting for breath, her luscious tits smashed against his lean body.

"When you come, darling, you know what heaven is like. Do you understand that?"

Kristi took a long, deep breath. Her hands slid down her teacher's back. She thought about it. Coming is like heaven?

"I think so," she said. "You mean that's what heaven is… coming."

"Yes, it's like that… if you were to go to heaven, that's the way you'd feel."

"Oh, sir," Kristi sighed, and she reached for his immense erection.

Her fingers, the nails painted a bright red, clutched his tough cock through Mr. Harper's slacks.

"So, now you understand about heaven and hell, right?"

Kristi squeezed his hard prick. She pulled his zipper down. Her fingers wiggled inside the fly, and she grabbed his cock. His prick was jumping like a wild trout. She managed to yank it out, and his cock sprang up in a quivering jiggle.

"Yes, sir," she said softly.

She held his squirting cock, pulled down on it, looked at it with a greedy gaze.

"It's a humdinger, sir," she blurted.

He smiled and kissed her lightly, then picked her up and put her on his desk. He laid her back on the top. He lifted, her maroon, plaid skirt over her waist and tugged at her pink panties.

He peeled them down over the pretty blonde curls between her thighs.

He held the panties at her knees and bent over. He kissed Kristi's pussy lightly, playing his tongue over the tip of her fuzzy coils.

He took her panties down around her black school shoes. Kristi lifted one foot, and Mr. Harper pulled the panties off. They hung in a pink drape from her other ankle.

Mr. Harper's fingers deftly unbuttoned her white blouse. He pulled it open and dug into Kristi's pink bra. He pulled her nice big tits out. He kissed each one with puckered lips.

His cock was wobbling wildly. His mouth was eager and hungry as he devoured Kristi's teen tits. Then he backed off and stripped out of all his clothes. Kristi admired the taut, lean body; the strip of hair from his bellybutton to the thicket around the base of his outrageous cock.

Mr. Harper climbed up on top of Kristi. He was on his knees between her legs. He kissed her tits again. Kristi reached for his cock and pulled on his hard cock.

His lips trailed up over her chest, up to her neck, and suddenly he was kissing Kristi and lowering his body, onto her. His cock spewed a spatter of cum on her thigh.

Kristi pulled him to her. She had the top of his prick in her hand. She rubbed his prick on the softness of her frothing cunt.

Mr. Harper punched his ass and the knob of his cock slid quickly into Kristi.

"Oh, wow!" Kristi sighed loudly. "My Aphrodite," her teacher whispered as his lips pulled off Kristi's mouth. He licked his tongue over her smooth asscheeks, sent it tickling into her ear.

He poked his cock deeper into the young girl's cunt.

"Sir, you're going to fuck me, aren't you?"

"Yes, my darling. I'm going to fuck you right here on tap of my desk."

"You're going to show me what heaven is like, huh?"

"Pure paradise," he whispered.

He sawed his cock slowly in and out of Kristi's pussy. She tucked in her chin and looked down at the way his huge cock slicked in and out of her cunt.

"It looks good, sir," she whimpered.

He buttoned her babbling lips with a hot kiss and jammed his cock half way into her.

"Mmm." Kristi moaned into his gaping mouth.

His ass humped high, bold and hard, up and down, as he began, his champion strokes. His balls banged up against Kristi's nice, soft ass.

She shook her head to the side, puffing away from his lusty kiss. Her hips bumped off the desk against his pumping cock.

She squirmed wantonly beneath her fucking teacher. She reached down and let her fingers play on his sticky cock as it slugged in and out of her pussy.

"You're just gonna fuck me here on your desk, huh?" Kristi whispered.

"Yes, in the name of pleasure, my tart."

"I could do this all day, sir. I could fuck all day long, every day."

"Yes, and I want to be the one to fuck you all day long, every day."

This poetic dialogue excited Kristi, steamed her up, made her so hot, sent a sinking feeling to her stomach.

"I want you to, sir. I want you to fuck me with that big boss prick of yours."

Mr. Harper drove his cock piggishly into the schoolgirl's sprinkling pussy. He pumped up and down on her in a slow, sure stroke. He jammed in and out in a splendid friction that made Kristi tingle all over.

"Oh, yes, yes, yes!" Mr. Harper babbled. Kristi bounced her ass up and down on the desk. Her ass thumped loudly in time with the thrust of his attacking cock. He fucked hard at her pussy, now. His balls slapped lewdly at her thighs and ass.

Kristi threw her fine, prime legs over his and clamped them in a horseshoe. She threw her arms around his neck, swung her head from side to side, her hair brushing the top of his desk, and gave her passionate teacher the best ride he had ever had.

As he fucked up and down, Mr. Harper knew this would be a fuck he would never forget. This would be the best fuck he would ever have.

He drove his ass hard. He shifted into high gear. His cock drubbed Kristi's cunt. He smashed all of his big hard cock into her cunt.

"Fuck me, damnit!" Kristi shouted.

She was in another ecstatic trance, caught in a sweeping desire, an intoxicating convulsion. As she flicked her beautiful ass off the desk, as she took all of Mr. Harper's hammering cock, she, too, knew this was a classic fuck. She and the teacher on top of the desk. She shivered at the thought of it, then realized it was really happening.

She came.

It was quick. Mr. Harper's cock had enlarged like a big plank. His ripe cockhead bloated and flushed out a crackerjack load of cum into Kristi's pussy.

"I'm in heaven!" Kristi chanted.

"Paradise!" her teacher groaned.

They were locked in a dandy fuck, and they crested together on top of the desk.

"You better not stop fuckin' me!" Kristi bellowed.

CHAPTER SEVEN

"So, you don't believe me about Mr. Harper," Kristi said.

"Well, God, after Mrs. Hope and Mr. Peters, I guess I'd believe anything," Brenda said.

"You mean you've been… you've been doing… doing… screwing Mr. Harper?" Patti said.

The three students were between classes. They were attired this day in their gray, pleated miniskirts, the tight pink sweaters, the blue knee socks, and the blue and white shoes.

Patti looked just like the pretty girl an the back of a Cheerios box. Her blonde hair was parted in the middle as usual and pulled into cute ponytails, tied with pink ribbons that cascaded down on top of her shoulders.

Brenda's brown hair was swept back on the sides, held there with red barrettes, and fell back down her neck to her shoulders. Kristi wore her hair pulled straight back from her forehead, slicked, into a long, blonde, braided ponytail.

"Well, why don't you go with me to his office, and I'll show you," Kristi said.

"Yeah, let's do it," Brenda said eagerly.

"I wouldn't dare," Patti said.

"Oh, sure you would," Kristi reassured her. "It's really fun… and it's educational too."

"I'd better not."

"Oh, jeez, Patti, grow up. Let's go."

The three pretty schoolgirls climbed the stairs to the third floor. Kristi knocked on Mr. Harper's office door.

He was chatting with Mr. Peters. They both stood up and welcomed the students into the room. Mr. Harper closed and locked the door.

Brenda immediately eyed Mr. Peters' crotch to see if she could see a hint of the incredibly huge cock hidden there.

"What is it, girls?" Mr. Harper asked.

"Well, we had some questions, but we didn't know you were busy, sir," Kristi said.

"That's okay. Mr. Peters is a confidante of mine. So, tell me what's on your mind, Kristi?"

Mr. Harper reached under Kristi's gray, pleated skirt and lifted it high over her ice-blue panties. He held it there with one hand, stuck his other hand deep in her panties and sliced a finger in her buttercup cunt.

"There is no sin, as I've said, but if you would believe in sin, then

I would remind all, who would listen that Dostoevsky said he would sin in order to repent and enjoy the luxury of confession."

"And that heaven is what I'm feeling now when you have your finger in my pussy," Kristi sighed.

"Very true, my sweetheart."

Brenda was all hot and excited by Mr. Harper's audacious move into Kristi's panties. Patti was intrigued and frightened by the sight of the teacher's action.

"Patti would like to learn about philosophy, sir," Kristi whispered.

"Well, I think she should," the teacher smiled.

He pulled his hand out of Kristi's panties and her skirt floated back down over her cream smooth thighs.

Mr. Peters took Brenda into his arms and kissed her. She could feel the expanse of his killer cock pushing against her.

Mr. Harper moved to Patti.

"Now, Patti, my dear, don't be frightened. Just relax," he said as he pulled her schoolgirl skirt up over the student's yellow panties. He quickly fingered her pussy through the panties.

"Oh," Patti simmered.

"Now, my dear. The philosophy of fucking is pleasure… the philosophy of pleasure is fucking."

His hand dipped inside Patti's panties. He felt the teenaged fuzz at her soft crotch. His finger lipped her pussy. He stroked his finger lightly up and down her tight clit.

Patti's pussy became wet. Mr. Harper slushed a finger into the dampness.

"Oh, I don't think you should do that, Mr. Harper," Patti whimpered.

But his finger felt good in her cunt. She wouldn't admit it, but the splattering juice of her pussy gave her away.

"Yes, I should," Mr. Harper said. "You should learn the pleasures of life, Patti."

Mr. Peters had Brenda's skirt up over her white panties. His hands clutched at her ass. He kissed her hotly. She reached for his super prick and grabbed his cock.

Mr. Peters backed off, unbuckled his pants and slipped them down. His cock snapped up in a wild quiver. His cock stood so huge that it elicited gasps of amazement from all three girls at the same time.

Mr. Peters' big shaft wobbled and sizzled. A big gob of cream oozed from his big cockhead.

Mr. Harper's finger slicked in and out of Patti's pussy. She felt a shiver of delight race through her and she came instantly. She gasped. Her body quaked. She shook her head from side to side.

"Ohhh, God!" she yelped.

The young girl had never masturbated before, had never felt the smoldering pleasure of a climax. She couldn't believe the feeling that ripped through her.

Mr. Harper knew she was coming and he jabbed his finger harder and faster into Patti's pussy.

"I think she's comin'," Kristi whispered. "Oh, uh, uh, uh!" Patti gasped. "Mmmm, yes, she's in heaven," Mr. Harper said.

"Feels good! Good! Feels good!" Patti howled.

Brenda had a hold of Mr. Peters' cock with both hands.

"It's a lollapalooza," she muttered. Mr. Peters let her play. She glided her hands over and around his pounding cock, examining, investigating the enormity of his prick.

Patti completed her climax. Mr. Harper withdrew his hand from her panties, then he unbuttoned her skirt and took it off.

Her tennis-ball tits were barely visible under the dark-blue sweater. She looked gorgeous standing there in the sweater, her blue knee socks and the yellow panties.

She eyed Mr. Peters' big cock. So did Kristi. Brenda kneeled before his prick, clasped her hands in a steeple over his prick as if she were praying, and glued her lips to his dripping cocktip.

Mr. Harper pulled Patti's panties down, dropped to his knees, and pasted his hot mouth to her tender young cunt.

"Ooof, phew!" Patti hissed in a long singsong sigh of delight.

Kristi simmered. She watched Brenda kiss and lick the huge cockhead of Mr. Peters' prick. She watched Mr. Harper gobble Patti's pussy.

"Listen, you guys, this is really outrageous," Patti panted.

She loved Mr. Harper's slippery tongue slobbering at her tight pussy. She loved the way he licked her clit, the way he drooled at her fuzzy mound.

She watched intently as his mouth opened wide and sucked her blonde curls, sucked her cunt. She watched Brenda suck Mr. Peters' unbelievable cock. A stirring tingle steamed through her. She liked this. She was glad she came with Kristi and Brenda to learn about philosophy.

Mr. Harper flapped his tongue at her cunt. She twitched with a horny desire. Juice trickled from her slit. She wanted to get the feel again, that rippling pleasure she had experienced when Mr. Harper finger-fucked her pussy.

Finally, Mr. Harper stood up. He frantically stripped off all his clothes. Patti stared at his nude body with an intense intoxication. She marveled at the thickness of his cock.

Brenda pulled away from Mr. Peters' cock to catch her breath. His

immense erection quivered. The head of his cock squished out a gloop of cum.

Mr. Harper took Patti's panties off. She stood naked from the waist down. Her sweet, blonde ponytails brushed her shoulders. Her young lips were moist, and her two front teeth bit into her lower lip. She was thin. Her body tight, taut, not an ounce of fat. Mr. Harper stood back and admired her.

Mr. Peters moved over to Patti. He took her hand and placed it on the long stalk of his prick.

She couldn't stand it. She thought she might scream with delight.

"It's really big, isn't it?" Kristi mumbled. Mr. Harper took Patti's free hand and latched it to his prick, so that the young girl stood there trembling as she held dick big cocks.

Both her teachers were in a state of wild frenzy. Patti squeezed down on their pricks. Cum squirted from Mr. Peters' fourteen-incher.

"It has stuff in it," Patti said.

"That's cum," Kristi said.

Kristi pulled up her skirt, stuck her hand in her panties and hooked a finger into her itching pussy.

Brenda was still on her knees. She unhooked her pleated skirt and took it off. She pulled her panties down around her knees and also sizzled her pussy with a finger.

Mr. Peters took Patti's hand off his cock. He moved around behind her, kneeled down, cupped the tight cheeks of her ass, spread them, and steamed his tongue up her sweet asshole.

"Jeez! Wow!" Brenda cried. "Lookit that!"

"Oh, no!" Patti yelped.

Mr. Peters wiggled his tongue up and down the crack of Patti's ass. She shook, she shuddered.

Mr. Harper went back down on her. He sucked greedily on her cunt.

"Oh, my God. They're just doin' tongues to her!" Brenda cried. She diddled her pussy with a hungry frenzy.

Kristi watched the tongue lick and fuck at Patti, and she was as hot about it as Brenda. She primed her pussy with a jabbing finger.

"You guys, this is too much, this is…" Patti panted.

"The philosophy of fucking," Kristi gulped. Mr. Harper pulled back off Patti's pussy. He stood up, humped his ass, spread his legs, stooped down and leveled his frightening big cock at her blonde pussy. He shoved the purple-red cockhead into her fuzzy, white curls.

"What… what are you gonna do?" Patti purred.

Mr. Peters smacked his tongue up and down her ass, in and out of the tight bud.

Mr. Harper pushed the head of his cock into Patti's pussy.

"Jeez, you guys, he's puttin' that big thing in me!"

"He's gonna fuck you!" Brenda bellowed. "Oh, shit!" Kristi cried. "I need a fuck!" Mr. Peters got up, came over to Kristi and jigged her panties down. He turned her around so that she was facing the desk, bent her over so her wonderful ass was exposed to him. He fisted his killer cock and rammed his cockhead up Kristi's asshole.

"Oooooh," Kristi sighed.

He shoved his cock in her ass. He wiggled his prick around, pulled it out, slid his prick between her thighs so that it stuck out in front of her.

Kristi looked down and saw his thick cock protruding between her legs as though she herself had a cock. She reached for his cock, pulled it up and rubbed it against her sopping pussy.

Mr. Peters humped down behind her. Kristi wiggled her ass at him and bent over a little more so that she could take his cock in her cunt… and she did…

He slugged in. She sighed loudly as his thick cockhead penetrated her clit. She gulped in delight as his throbbing cock slid in and out of her pussy.

"Oh, Mr. Harper," Patti panted. "You've got that thing in me."

"I'm fucking your pussy, Patti."

"Oh, it feels good!" she sobbed.

"Goddamn!" Brenda yelled. She was still on her knees, masturbating. Her hand was dancing her finger in her pussy.

Mr. Harper hammered his big cock into Patti, the two of them standing up fucking in his office. Mr. Peters pumped in from behind and jabbed his fourteen-inch prick in and out of Kristi, sending her into a flutter of delight, a riptide of ecstasy.

"Fuck my cunt!" Kristi cried.

"I wanna fuck your cunt!" Mr. Peters called.

"Oh, God, you guys. You're fuckin'!" Brenda babbled as she came. Her body raced with a sizzling climax as she kneeled there on the floor and finger-fucked herself.

Mr. Harper's cock foamed. He poured a hot load of cream inside Patti's pussy.

Patti stiffened and came with him, all the time looking down, watching the lewd sawing of his big, thick cock as it raped her pussy. Then she was in the midst of that feeling she had wanted to have again. She flushed with a smoking climax.

Mr. Harper reached behind her and clutched her ass. He pushed on it as he thrust his cock into her pussy. He got half of his cock in Patti's cunt. His cock spewed loads of cream.

Patti felt the hot flood pour into her. It was a new, wonderful experience.

Mr. Peters fucked Kristi with a flaming stroke. His big prick steamed in and out of her pussy. Kristi grabbed the edge of the desk with her hands and waved her ass back at his punching and pumping.

There was so much emotion in the room when Mr. Peters' cock erupted, when it heaved out its load, erupted cream into Kristi's cunt, that she screamed: "I think, therefore I am! I think about fucking! Fuck me, sir! Fuck me!"

Patti quivered into a paroxysm of intoxication. Mr. Harper had to grab her around the waist and hold her up as he fucked his cream into her virgin cunt.

Brenda fell back on the floor, lying there on her back, writhing.

Kristi was hammered by a hard climax. It slammed through her as her teacher's cock showered her cunt with cum. She corkscrewed her beautiful ass back at his humping and bumping.

Mr. Peters came voraciously. He stumbled back in his excitement, his cock pulling out of Kristi's cunt, still squirting, still showering spurts of cream from his thumping cockhead.

Kristi slumped against the desk, took a deep, long breath, and shivered through the final seconds of her fabulous orgasm.

Mr. Peters caught his balance with a hand against the wall. He was suddenly hovering over the wiggling, steaming Brenda. He came down on her. His cock spat cum on her belly. He guided his cock to her cunt. He shoved his cock in her pussy.

"Goddamn it! That's it! That's what I need! I need to fuck too!"

"Yes, my dear, you do," Mr. Peters whispered as he humped his ass up and down and pushed his cock into her brown, hairy pussy, smashed his cock all the way into her cunt.

"Oh, boy!" Brenda shouted.

Patti was a goner. She slumped against Mr. Harper. She was weak from her climax.

"Shove me all that big prick, daddy!" Brenda howled as Mr. Peters pumped his monster cock hard in and out of her cunt.

Mr. Harper pushed Patti to her knees, fisted his cock, which was still oozing cream, and rubbed his cockhead over her precious lips. The sticky goo clung to her mouth as she kissed his bell-shaped cocktip. His cock didn't wilt. On the contrary. His cock got harder and continued spilling cream.

Patti was fascinated with the cum that sputtered from his cocktip. She licked away the thick goops, kissed and sucked his big cockhead.

"Ah, yes, my sweet, kiss my prick," Mr. Harper moaned.

Patti did it. She nibbled at his prick, swirled her hot, young tongue all over its bubbling top. She'd never tasted cum before, and she liked it. She gobbled all the juice she could suck out of his cock, and for a darling student who had never sucked a cock before, she

rated an A-plus.

Mr. Peters was fucking Brenda on the floor.

He was hammering hard on top of her. She took his cock easily, greedily.

Kristi watched the scene before her and knew that she was a lucky young lady. She realized that she was fortunate to have teachers who cared enough to teach her the important things in life.

She stuffed a finger in her pussy and leaned back on the desk. Settling her ass on the edge, she spread her legs, humped out her hips, screwed them against her finger and watched Mr. Peters fuck Brenda. She gazed hotly at Patti sucking off Mr. Harper.

"They are such beautiful, big pricks," she murmured. "They are so thick and big."

"All the better for pleasure," Mr. Harper panted as he grabbed his cock and jacked it wildly against Patti's sweet, pretty face. His big, red cockhead smashed against her mouth and her cheeks as it foamed and spritzed thick cream.

"Ahhh, oops, shhh," Patti gurgled. Globs of cum dung between her lips as she sighed out her emotion.

Kristi fucked herself across the room, and without losing her finger-stroke, got down on her knees beside Mr. Peters and Brenda. She stuck a finger up Mr. Peters' ass as he fucked Brenda.

"Goddamn, baby!" Mr. Peters groaned.

Patti's mouth hung open as Mr. Harper jacked off in it. She gurgled down his cum. The hot teacher whacked his prick into her wildly. His cock spiffed and spat hot juice.

"This is the philosophy of fucking!" he cried as he came.

"Huh, huh, uh, wooooh," Kristi sighed. "Yes, it is!"

She drilled one finger into her pussy and the other into Mr. Peters' asshole.

"Up my ass! Shove it up my ass while I shove my cock in Brenda's cunt!" Mr. Peters yelped.

Patti couldn't find a handle. She reached up and got her hand on the tip of Mr. Harper's cock as he jacked it. She squeezed his cockhead, then she bobbed her pretty, blonde head on his cock and sucked. She took half of his prick in her mouth as he reached the top of his climax.

He groaned loudly.

"Yes, yes, suck ray cock, Patti!"

Kristi was so hot that she lay down on top of Mr. Peters as he fucked Brenda, rubbed her pussy all over his humping ass. She wiggled and screwed her cunt on his ass, hard and hot.

"I love this!" she sobbed.

The room filled with blazing breathing and moaning as the

teachers and students studied the philosophy of pleasure.

CHAPTER EIGHT

"Do you really think we could fuck her?" Gary asked.

"Mrs. Hope? Come on. She's just a tease," Jimmy sneered.

"No. I saw Mr. Peters fuck her," Kristi said.

"God, I'd love to fuck her," Gary said, sucking in his breath.

"Well, why don't we just ask her?" Kristi said. "After class."

"Will you ask her? Will you do it?" Gary said.

"Sure, why not?" Kristi said.

"You won't chicken out?" Jimmy asked.

"No, I'll do it. We have to learn to live through our senses, so she… I'll ask her."

They went to their English class. Brenda smiled at Kristi and leaned over.

"God, that was a hot scene up in Mr. Harper's office yesterday. Did you see how Patti got fucked?"

"You got fucked pretty good, too," Kristi said.

"I sure did," Brenda smiled.

The girls were in their maroon plaid skirts, the white blouses, the maroon knee socks. They settled into their desks as Mrs. Hope waked into the classroom. She was dressed in a black skirt that hugged her luscious, mature hips. It pulled in lewdly across her ass. Her huge tits were encased in a soft, white, angora sweater. She wore dark nylons and white, high heels.

Gary looked at Kristi. His eyes were filled with expectation.

Mrs. Hope discussed the lesson for the day. She discussed Tolstoy's novel Anna Karenina.

"It's a wonderful drama of vengeance," she said. "A story of infidelity and retribution of people who come in conflict with the social mores of their time. It's sensual."

She shifted on the desk top, her black skirt skipped up on her lush thighs. Gary looked over at Kristi. She smiled back. Jimmy stared at the teacher's magnificent legs.

After class, Kristi went up to the front of the room and waited while the other students filed out. Brenda knew something was happening, so she lingered by the door. Jimmy and Gary sat in their desks.

"What is it, Kristi?" Mrs. Hope asked.

"Well, ma'am, we were wondering, I mean Gary and Jimmy were wondering if maybe…" Kristi didn't really know how to put it. "Yes?" the pretty teacher prompted.

"They want to fuck you!" Kristi blurted.

Mrs. Hope looked at the two boys squirming, embarrassed, in

their seats.

"They do, do they?" Mrs. Hope smiled. "How impudent! What makes them think I'd do something like that?"

"Well, the other day in the chemistry lab, we…"

"You were not to mention a word about that, Kristi," Mrs. Hope snapped.

"I'm sorry. I just thought that maybe…"

"Come here, boys," the teacher said to Gary and Jimmy.

They got out of their desks and walked to the front of the room.

"So, you're attracted to your teacher, are you?" she purred.

"Yes, ma'am," Gary mumbled.

He gazed at the buxom lady. She bulged out in her tight skirt and sweater. Her big, juicy tits pushed obscenely at the white sweater.

Jimmy's cock was already squirming in his blue cotton slacks. Mrs. Hope saw his cock rise and thump at his crotch.

"Well, perhaps something could be arranged, but we'd have to have complete discretion, boys. You wouldn't be allowed to breathe a word of it to anyone. Would you promise that?"

Both boys eagerly agreed.

"And what's your part in this, Miss Valentine?" Mrs. Hope asked.

"Brenda and I would like to watch."

"What makes you think I'd let you do that?"

"Well, I just thought maybe we could. It would be… I mean, we'd really like to, Mrs. Hope."

Mrs. Hope unzipped Jimmy's fly and pulled out his hard cock. Then she pulled down Gary's fly and took his cock out, too.

"My, my. We're all hot and bothered, aren't we, boys?"

"Yes, ma'am," Gary muttered.

Mrs. Hope grabbed both cocks and held them, almost as if she had the handles of a wheelbarrow in her hands. She pumped up and down on their young cocks.

"This will have to be quick, boys," Mrs. Hope said. "Take all your clothes off. I want you naked."

The students raced to get out of their school clothes and stood naked before the older woman. She admired their taut, young bodies. Both boys' pricks were hard as iron, sticking out from between their legs, glimmering. Gary's cock was the first to bubble with a gob of cream.

"Now, girls, you take off your clothes too," the teacher instructed.

Kristi and Brenda quickly doffed their uniforms and revealed their fine, young bodies.

"Come here, Gary," Mrs. Hope said. The boy moved dangerously close to her. She clutched his hand and thrust it up under her skirt, then pulled the skirt up around her waist. She wore tight white

panties that were packed with the thick black carpet of cunt hair at the crotch. Gary rubbed her there.

"Come here, Jimmy," Mrs. Hope said.

He did so.

"You rub me there, too," she said.

Both boys fingered and rubbed at her pantied crotch.

"Now, girls, see my straw purse over there?" Mrs. Hope asked.

Kristi nodded.

"You'll find a delightful item in there which you might enjoy. Go get it."

Kristi opened the big, straw purse and pulled out a huge, two-foot dude that was curled and had the replica of two cock heads on each end. It was made smooth, of rubber, with a wire in it to make it hard and useful.

"You girls fuck yourself with that," Mrs.

Hope said.

"Good grief!" Brenda gulped.

"Go ahead, I wanna see you do it," Mrs. Hope urged.

Kristi's pussy was already wet. She took one end of the huge dildo and inserted it into her pussy. Brenda moved to Kristi and took the other end of the dildo and shoved it into her cunt. They stood connected by the big, lewd dildo.

"Now fuck each other," Mrs. Hope said.

Kristi pushed. Brenda took it and pushed back, and they found a good timing stroke, fucking back and forth, shoving the dildo into each other's pussy.

"Goddamn!" Brenda yelped.

"Take my panties down, Gary," Mrs. Hope said.

Gary shuddered and trembled as he pulled Mrs. Hope's panties down. She stepped out of them. Jimmy lifted her tits with the palms of his hands, fondled and squeezed her huge orbs.

"Go ahead. Unbutton my sweater and take them out," the teacher said.

Jimmy pulled at the buttons, got the sweater open and groped into her white bra and lifted out her huge tits.

"Oh, Mrs. Hope, they're so big!" he panted.

She was clutching the boys' cocks again now. She jacked on them as she watched Brenda and Kristi fuck each other with the long dude. It excited Mrs. Hope. She was ready.

"Okay, I'll take you boys on," she said. "Jimmy, lie down on the floor."

Jimmy got down quickly. His cock stood up like a spike. Mrs. Hope lowered herself over him on her hands and knees, grasped his prick and screwed her ass around as she slipped his cock in her pussy.

"Ah, yes, that's good," she whispered.

"Gary, I want your cock up my ass," she said. "Get behind me on your knees."

Gary dipped to his knees and pushed his hard cock up his teacher's gorgeous ass.

"Whew, shit!" Mrs. Hope mumbled.

She rocked back and forth now in a heated stroke, all the time watching the two teenaged girls fuck the dildo. She was overcome with the excitement of the scene, the two pretty school girls, the two young cocks in her, and she loved it.

"Fuck. Let's all fuck now!" she whimpered. Kristi bucked the dildo at Brenda. Gary pumped hard at Mrs. Hope's ass. The pretty teacher bucked on Jimmy's cock. His cock spiked up into her pussy.

"Holy shit!" Brenda blurted. "Good God, we're all fuckin'!"

"You bet," Mrs. Hope said. "That's what you wanted to do, isn't it? You wanted to fuck, didn't you?"

"Yes, ma'am," Gary said, and he slammed his hard cock deeper into Mrs. Hope's asshole.

He fucked her. Mrs. Hope rode Jimmy below her. She ground her ass around and around, taking Jimmy's cock in her pussy and Gary's prick in her asshole, taking all the juice they started to fizz out. She felt Gary's cock give first, felt the flood of cream rush up her ass.

"Ahhh!" she gasped.

Then Jimmy's prick boiled and enlarged in her slushy cunt. His prick deluged a load of turn, a huge load that sprayed deep up into his teacher's pussy.

Mrs. Hope fucked into a ravishing climax. A wild, breath-taking ardor filled her body. She screwed their squirting cocks in a heated frenzy.

"Oh, God! I'm comin', boys! Here I am comin' with you!" Mrs. Hope screamed.

"Jesus!" Brenda yelped.

She fucked the dildo with stabbing passion at Kristi. Kristi fucked her back.

"Fuck me with this dildo!" Brenda cried.

"I am! You fuck me back!" Kristi sobbed.

"We're fuckin' good!" Mrs. Hope yelled. "I'm like Anna Karenina! I flaunt the mores of the dominant society! I fuck!"

"Fuck for pleasure!" Kristi bellowed.

And she came.

The dildo slid in and out of her cunt. She watched the big rubber hose slide between her and Brenda. It excited her. She was as hot as she'd ever been, and the rippling riptide of sensation filled her with shudders of ecstasy.

Kristi looked over at Mrs. Hope. Her teacher was watching the dildo action while she fucked and bucked at the two boys.

It was then, as Kristi looked down at the dildo, the long rubber prick glistening and sticky with cream from her pussy, from Brenda's pussy, that Kristi realized how happy she was at Hastings High School.

CHAPTER NINE

Kristi and Patti had on their alternate school uniforms, and this day it was the pink sweater, pleated, gray miniskirt, blue knee socks, and the blue and white saddle shoes.

They carried their books to their lockers and put them away. School had just let out for the day, and they were supposed to meet Brenda and go down to the Pizza Hut.

They were talking about Mr. Peters and his gigantic cock.

"I don't know. He just seems like he's always hot. I mean, the way he looks at me in class," Patti said. "It's just kinda like he's screwin' me with his eyes."

"I know. I get the same feeling, but I like it. I like the way he looks at me. When I leave his class, I always look back over my shoulder and catch him looking at my ass," Kristi said.

"Well, sometimes it scares me, the way he looks at me. Then I think of that big cock of his, and wow!"

They passed the audio-visual room.

"Well, hello, ladies," Mr. Peters said as he came out the door.

Patti wore her usual two ponytails, her blonde hair parted in the middle. The twists of hair that fell down the sides of her head to her shoulders were tied in yellow ribbons.

Kristi's hair was also parted in the middle, swept back on the sides where it was held with blue barrettes, then it fell in a long fall on her back.

"Hi, Mr. Peters," Kristi said.

His eyes narrowed as his gaze roamed over their tight, fine bodies. Patti glanced at Kristi as if to say, see what I mean?

"I was just doing some work here in audio and visual," Mr. Peters said. "Would you like to help?"

"We were just going to the Pizza Hut," Kristi said.

"It would really help your grade if you could take a few minutes," the teacher said.

Patti was all for that. Unlike Kristi, who nailed down that straight A average, Patti had to work hard for C's.

"Sure. I'll help," Patti said.

"Okay, me too," echoed Kristi.

"I certainly enjoyed our philosophy lesson the other day," Mr. Peters said. "I have a great fondness for philosophy. I'm always discussing it with Mr. Harper."

The girls smiled.

"I agree with him completely about his theory on the Pleasure Principle, don't you girls?"

"I do," Kristi said.

"Yes. As a scientist, a chemist, I'm a firm believer in the pleasures of life, that they should be enjoyed, not repressed. When you repress your desires for pleasure; you repress knowledge. All the world's problems, people's sickness, comes from repression."

He had picked up a video camera and was aiming it at the sweet, young girls. He turned it on and began filming them.

"Now what would give me great pleasure, is if you young ladies would hike your skirts up and show me your panties. That's what I'd like."

"I thought you wanted us to help you," Patti said.

"You will be if you do that, Patti. And you'll get yourself a big fat A in my class, too."

Patti looked at Kristi. Kristi nodded and pulled her skirt up over her tight, little blue panties. They were snug at her crotch, and the blonde cunt curls underneath puffed out the panties in an enticing soft, mound.

Patti hiked her pleated skirt around her waist and showed Mr. Peters her bright pink panties. They fit her like a glove, tighter than Kristi's, even.

The horny teacher rolled the film and recorded the two students standing near a table with their skins up.

"That's good, girls. Those are lovely panties," he said. "Now, why don't you pull your panties down and show me your cunts?"

"On film, sir?" Kristi asked.

"Uh-huh," Mr. Peters mumbled.

"I really need an A," Patti said, and tugged her pink panties down over her delicious pussy. She left the panties in a roll just above her knees.

Kristi rolled her blue panties down and did the same. The girls were stunning standing there in such a lewd pose. Mr. Peters worked the camera in for a close-up, then moved back slowly getting all of them in the frame.

Kristi could see the mountainous bulge in her teacher's blue slacks. There was a big, hard thumping there.

"Those are beautiful cunts, girls. Now, why don't you stick your finger in 'em?"

"Oh, Mr. Peters, that would be so lewd," Kristi said.

"But so much pleasure," her teacher added. Patti was hot as a firecracker. She needed no urging. She stuck her finger in her cunt and diddled her clit. Kristi followed. She put two fingers in her pussy and went to work.

Mr. Peters filmed them masturbating. He was so excited his cock started to foam in his pants. The thick cream seeped through and

formed a big, wet stain.

He put the camera down on a table. He went to the girl. He watched them diddle their pussies. He unbuckled his pants and took them off with his shorts.

His fourteen-inch cock whipped up straight and strong. His big cockhead was covered with dripping cream. He slipped his pants and shorts over his shoes. He tore off his tie and shirt, stood naked and grabbed his cock and jerked on it.

"That's good, girls. That looks good."

Patti was fascinated with the way he jacked off. It thrilled her to see him play with his prick like that, and she stabbed her cunt faster with her hot finger.

Mr. Peters got down on his knees in front of Kristi, and as he continued jacking on his cock, he licked at her fucking finger, slithered his tongue off the knuckles of her hand, lapped all around her pussy.

Patti watched his vulgar tongue. It sent seething sensations of excitement simmering through her. She removed her hand, took her finger out of her cunt, and the teacher was on her pussy instantly.

His tongue flapped at her pussy like a waving flag.

"Ooof," Patti moaned softly.

"Mmmmmm," the teacher mumbled. "Delicious."

He sucked and kissed the girl's pussy until Patti shuddered. Her shoulders shook. Her head shook as if she'd seen a lizard or a mouse, and she came.

Mr. Peters sucked all her young, soft pussy into his mouth. He nibbled and bit it lightly, then sent his tongue twitting on her shivering clit.

"Oh, God!" Patti sobbed.

She climaxed fully. It was a splendid deluge of tingles that wracked her lovely body. She loved the way it made her feel. There was nothing like it.

"I love it!" she cried.

Mr. Peters gobbled Patti's cunt greedily, and Kristi fucked her fingers into her pussy as she watched Patti come.

When Patti's emotion had subsided, Mr. Peters got up, got the camera and handed it to Kristi.

"Just push this and it works automatically. Film Patti and me now, will you?"

Kristi hoisted the camera to her shoulder and turned it on. The red light blinked. Mr. Peters lifted Patti up on the table so that she sat on the edge. He wiggled between her smooth legs. He caressed her thighs, his fingers feeling the soft flesh. He slipped, a finger into her cunt.

Kristi focused in on the action and filmed it. Mr. Peters' cock squirted juice. A blob of cum landed on Patti's pink sweater. Her pretty pink panties dangled off the top of her shoe.

Mr. Peters leveled his cock at her. He reached for Patti's ponytails and pulled on them, jerking her head down, so that she bent over from the waist, her mouth inches from his mammoth prick.

He pulled harder and her lips mashed against his giant cockhead. Patti licked a bubble of cum away.

Kristi's pussy burned with desire as she filmed the hot action for her teacher.

Patti's pretty blonde head bobbed up and down on Mr. Peters' cock, her lips sealed around two inches at the top of his prick. She sucked on his cock, making a gurgling noise as she did so.

"That's right, Patti. That's the way to suck it. NOW lick all up and down it."

Patti held his cock with one hand and slid her tongue from the tip of his huge cock all along the stalk to the base of it, then back to the top again.

Kristi moved in for a close-up of Patti's lewd licking. She wondered what Mr. Peters would do with this video tape.

"I'm filming it, sir," she said.

"Good, Kristi, get it all."

"Then you'll re-run it and jack off to it, huh, sir?"

"Yes, my dear," he said.

Patti was lapping at his big cocks licking and kissing it to her teacher's excited delight.

"You cock-sucker," he mumbled.

He pulled her off his big cock and guided his prick to the lips, of her pussy. Patti leaned her arms behind her and put her palms on the table for balance. Mr. Peters pulled her skirt way up over her waist. He inserted the bulb-head of his cock in her juicy, young pussy.

"Jeez!" Patti shivered.

She looked down at his monster prick. His prick was in her. She liked the hot feel of his big cockhead lodged inside her cunt. She wiggled her ass against his prick.

Then she looked up into the eyes of her teacher. They were on fire with passion.

Their hot gaze consummated in a hot kiss. Mr. Peters pulled Patti to him and mashed his lips on hers as he slammed his cock into her tight pussy.

Kristi kept the camera flowing.

When they broke the kiss, Mr. Peters pulled Patti's pink sweater up around her shoulders and tugged her bra down. He bent over and kissed her tits.

"Mr. Peters," she sighed.

Mr. Peters shoved more of his cock into her. His cock sluiced in. Her taut pussy lips caressed his cock. He knew he could only give her about five or six inches and once he got that much in, he began a nice, slow fuck-stroke that delighted Patti.

"It feels good, Mr. Peters."

"I'm fucking you good," he said.

"Please, mister. Please fuck me good!"

His naked ass humped in and out and Kristi recorded it all on the film. She moved in for a close shot of his huge cock as it slid ravenously in and out of Patti's blonde cunt. She caught the action of it.

His cock was covered with cream down to the midway point. He slugged that five inches into the young girl. Kristi focused in on Patti's face and caught her impassioned look on film. Her mouth moved to the side, her teeth biting down on her lower lip. Her forehead was wrinkled, her eyes were wide. They were watching Mr. Peters' big prick plunge in and out of her pussy.

A shameless jitter of spicy lust smashed through Patti. She bit her lip tighter, then opened her mouth wide as if she were about to scream, and indeed did yell: "Here I come!"

She shook like a shock of wheat in the wind.

"Patti!" her teacher moaned. His cock was bold and bloated. It surged in and out of the girl's cunt, then juiced. The torrent of cream splattered into Patti's pussy in a spicy shower of heat.

Kristi caught the action. She got the teacher's face as he threw his head back. Kristi filmed their ecstasy. She got the slide of his cock as it came. She filmed the thick cream spilling from the sides of Patti's cunt.

Patti quivered. Her ass swished on the table. She held her legs out straight, wide, a big V. Her ass bounced up and down.

"Ooooh," she moaned. "It's so… it's so damn good! Feels so good!"

"Fucking. I'm fucking my life into you, Patti!" Mr. Peters yipped.

"Fuck that wet stuff in me!" Patti cried. They hit the top of their climax, and Kristi had it all on film. When the event was over, she laid the camera on the table.

Mr. Peters pulled his long cock from Patti's pussy. Patti sat on the table, her body heaving. She panted, gasped, sobbed for breath.

Kristi was so hat by now that juice from her cunt was waking down her thighs. She ripped down her panties. She went to Mr. Peters.

"Eat me, sir!" she demanded.

She pulled her skirt up high and held it there.

The teacher got down before her. He kissed her tender thighs. His tongue slicked along the smooth skin until it flapped into the mossy

softness of her pussy.

"Yeah, right there," Kristi said.

"Right there," he mumbled.

He gobbled her oozing pussy. His tongue burbled and bubbled at her hot cunt.

"God, you guys!" Patti moaned.

She got off the table and kneeled down beside her teacher. She grabbed his slippery cock and pumped it.

She crawled around so that she was kneeling facing the man, and then she jacked his cock like a pump handle. Her light fingers slid easily on his cock. She gripped his cock tight and pounded it wildly.

Mr. Peters was going at Kristi's cunt like he might be licking the bottom of a sugar bowl.

"Eat my pussy!" Kristi howled.

Patti jerked her teacher's cock. She liked the feel of his hot prick in her hand. She liked the way his prick pulsated and thumped at her touch.

"I want you fucking me, sir," Kristi mumbled.

He got up, lifted Kristi to the table, slid between her legs and plunged his cock into her frying pussy.

"Get up here with her, Patti," he said.

Patti sat on the table next to her schoolmate. Mr. Peters reached between her legs and stuck a finger in her cunt. He sawed his prick in and out of Kristi as he screwed his finger in Patti's pussy.

"God, this is real pleasure, isn't it?" Kristi moaned.

"Indeed it is," Mr. Peters said.

"That prick is so big, sir," Kristi whispered. "It's just so damn big!"

"Oh, jeez!" Patti bawled.

Kristi floated into a climax. His cock clicked and slicked at her pussy. She couldn't help herself. She wanted to fuck longer, but the sweet sensation of orgasm was on her. She humped her hips off the table at the swelling cock. She fucked back at his cock as the sweeping feeling of pleasure deluged her.

"Fuck your balls off?" she shouted. And Mr. Peters did. His cock shot a big, smutty load of cream into her young cunt.

Kristi shook with the glow and tingle of the thrilling emotion that lathered her whole body.

"Fuck your big balls off!" she screamed.

CHAPTER TEN

After the wild experience in the audio-visual room, the next day the girls decided to pay a visit to the boys' locker room. An unexpected visit from three lovely schoolgirls.

Brenda pushed into the locker room. The boys were surprised by the girls' brazen appearance. The boys stood silent in their jocks.

"Okay, down with the jock straps, guys," Brenda said.

"Huh?" one of the boys questioned.

"Down with the jocks," Brenda hissed. Patti trembled with fear. There were eight boys standing there, and they did as they were asked. They pulled their jock straps down.

Kristi looked from one cock to the other. One boy had an especially big prick. His cock hung in a curl from between his legs. Brenda spied it and walked to him.

She grabbed his cock and held it tightly. She watched as his prick grew in her hand.

"We wanna teach you boys about pleasure," Brenda said.

"Yes, real pleasure," Kristi said. "Who wants to fuck me?"

She sat down on a bench, pulled her gray miniskirt up over a pair of pink panties. Rod Harper, Mr. Harper's son, was the first to respond.

"I want to," he said.

"Well, do it then," Kristi said.

She pulled her panties down, lay back on the bench, spread her legs wide, her feet flat on the floor, and waited.

Rod's cock blossomed.

His prick didn't look big at first, but a it erected, his prick became like a balloon filling with water. He took after his father. His prick was thick, and as Kristi watched it rise, she guessed it must be at least ten inches long. He lowered himself over. Kristi.

She reached up for his cock. She fisted it and pulled his cockhead to her pussy. She rubbed his prick up and down her clit and slicked it into her cunt.

"Oh, baby," the boy gurgled.

Brenda was already down on the boy who had the giant cock. She sucked his prick voraciously. Her brown hair slapped at her back as her head dipped up and down on his prick.

The boy groaned in pleasure.

Patti surveyed the boys and picked out a blonde boy. He had a cute prick, and it was already hard as rock. She wanted that prick, because she knew she could get it all in her pussy, and that's what she wanted. She wanted to take a prick all the way.

She smiled at the boy. She didn't know his name and she didn't

care. She propped herself up on a rubbing table, pulled up her skirt and whipped down her panties.

The boy moved between her legs. She grabbed his cock and, stuffed it in her spritzing pussy.

"Ah, yeah!" she gulped.

His cock slicked easily all the way into her cunt. He was into her up to his balls.

Rod was humping up and down on Kristi on the bench. His cock slammed at her pussy. It was a hard, raw fuck. It was full of passion and pleasure.

Kristi bumped her ass up and down on the wooden bench as she met his bulldozing strokes, and as she fucked the boy, she thought how she'd just drop her panties anytime for a good, hard fuck like this. This was real pleasure.

Brenda lay down with the bay and his big prick. He took her panties off and climbed over her. They lay on the cement floor of the locker room. He slugged his cock into her pussy.

"Good, good!" Brenda whimpered.

The other five boys stood in amazement at what was happening. Never had such an event taken place at Hastings High School. They were ail hot. Their cocks were rigid and thumping. "Jack off!" Kristi yelled.

The boys grabbed their cocks. Who would they watch as they jacked off? Would they watch them all fuck? Would they have a favorite fucking couple?

They pumped furiously on their cocks as Brenda, Patti and Kristi fucked for them. A fucking show! A glorious fireworks of fucking and pumping. Humping and screwing. The boys jacked wildly on their pricks…

Kristi was taken with emotion like never before. There was a smell, a pungent, delicious aroma filling the locker room. Kristi fucked Rod's cock.

"Kristi," he mumbled. "I've always wanted to fuck you. God, I've always wanted to fuck you like this."

"Well, now you are, Rod, so get me while you can. I may never let you fuck me again."

Brenda's ass thumped in a loud splat up and down on the floor as she fucked the boy with the big prick.

Patti was delighted that she finally had a cock all the way in her pussy, she couldn't stand the thrill of it. She came fast and furious up on the rubbing table. She spread her legs wide as the boy bounced his cock in and out of her.

Kristi felt the oozing pleasure slosh through her. She came. She loved it. She wanted to come all the time. She threw her arms around

Rod's neck.

"Fuck me, honey!" She yelled, then pulled his head down and kissed him.

The five boys came. Their cocks sprayed. There was a shower of cum in the locker room.

Brenda lay there taking his big cock and watching the cocks froth and squirt.

"Oh, Jesus Christ!" she yelled. "Good! Good! All that cum!"

Kristi broke out of the kiss and twisted her head to see the sprinkling cocks. Two boys were standing only a yard from her and Rod. She watched the cream spill from their pricks. A big goop of juice hit her on the cheek, then she felt more cream splat on her forehead.

Rod's cock foamed in her pussy. He gave her a full load. The juice roared into her.

She was weak, faint. She was quaking with her inflamed orgasm.

"Oh, what pleasure!" Kristi sighed, and fell into a deep swoon of ecstasy.

Oh, how lucky she was, she thought. How lucky to be at Hastings High, to be learning so I much, and having so much pleasure and fun in the process. Another shudder of ecstasy trembled through her. "Oh, what pleasure," she mumbled, a delicious smile on her pretty face.